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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*On the Inequalities of Solar Light.*

IT is an old remark, that the commonest appearances in nature, and the most frequent incidents in human life, are, when viewed by the eyes of a philosopher, mysterious and inexplicable. Men have puzzled themselves in inquiring why a stone that is thrown upward into the air, falls again, after a certain time, to the earth; and how it happens that the arm is lifted, merely because I *desire* that it should be so. Not contented with the facts as they are noted by our senses, our curiosity conjures up a property, assigns to it the name of gravitation; measures its influence by numbers and lines, and traces its existence through every part of the universe:

In like manner, the nice links which connect muscular motion and thought, are scrutinized and counted. We pass from one operation to the other; we strive to linger, as it were, at that point which unites them, to fathom the abyss which lies between them, and to catch a glimpse of its nature and dimensions. If we fail in our attempts, we grow anxious and dejected; we lament the imperfection

of our organs, and the limitedness of our views.

Actuated by this spirit, it is no wonder that men have speculated on the causes that produce heat and cold, that regulate the change of temperature, and the succession of these changes. The weather is not equally warm at different hours of the same day, and at different seasons of the same year, and at different places at the same time. The questions that these differences and changes have suggested, have been partly answered. These appearances are not wholly capricious and irregular. Heat is found to be diminished by distance from the source of heat; the sun's rays are productive of more warmth when direct than when reflected. Hence, the greatest heat is experienced when the earth, in its annual course, approaches nearest to the sun. This heat is lessened when its rays are diverted by a cloud, by a mountain, or by the whole body of the globe. Those regions are warmer which receive the solar rays in the most direct manner; and which, by their equatorial position, are nearest the sun.

The temperature is likewise in-

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fluenced by what are called *local* causes. Heat is augmented by winds blowing over naked sands or cultivated plains. It is lessened, if in their way to us, the breezes pass over seas and lakes, over snowy ridges or impenetrable forests. If the rays are collected and concentered by a concave, or scattered and dispersed by a convex surface, the temperature is modified accordingly. Thus the bottom of a vale is hotter than the summit of a mountain.

It is thus that many variations in temperature are satisfactorily solved; but it is evident that there are many changes which have not been hitherto explained, and which demand a different solution. Why heat is greater at noon-day than at midnight, in December than in August, at Cape-coast castle than at Spitzbergen, in a valley of the Alps than in the plain of Quito, on the edge of a sand-bank than in the bosom of a grove, are questions easily explained; but it is incessantly observable, that though all circumstances of place and time be the same, yet the temperature is variable. Summer is not equally hot, and winter equally cold. The same season annually recurs to mankind, but it never brings along with it the same degree of moisture and heat. At one time, summer shall be hot, dry, serene, and of long continuance: at another, it shall be brief, cold, turbulent, and moist. Winter shall, at one time, be almost a stranger to ice and to snow: at another, rivers and lakes shall be frozen from September to March; the ground shall be covered with unmelting snows, and hundreds shall perish through the insupportable severity, and vegetation shall be half extinguished by the long continuance of the cold. Whence do these differences arise?

If we consult analogy, perhaps we may be enabled to form a plau-

sible conjecture. Heat depends not only on our nearness to the burning body, on the free passage and the direct *incidence* of the rays, but likewise on the quantity of rays which the united or lucid body emits. If this quantity be uniform, the heat produced, other circumstances being the same, must be uniform; but if this quantity vary, the heat produced must likewise vary. If a different portion of rays be emitted by the sun at different times, the temperature must necessarily be modified by this diversity. We may reside on the same hill or the same plain, but if fewer rays issued from the sun in the year 1780 than in the tenth year afterwards, the winter of the former year must have been longer and colder than the winter of the latter.

This conclusion is adverse to regular ideas, but it is conformable to many facts in the history of the universe. It is one mode of accounting for appearances, and those who think it inaccurate and vague may reasonably be required to assign a better. Analogy is the basis of opinion, in these cases; and if this be the most plausible inference which analogy suggests, we are bound to adopt it.

On the survey of the fixed stars, it is found that some of them are permanent in their lustre, while others are variable in this respect. Of the last, some are observed to become gradually less luminous, others are distinguished by a constant increase in their brightness; others grow alternately obscure and bright. A fourth kind are periodically extinguished and relumined.

It is generally admitted that the sun resembles, in its substance and properties, the fixed stars. Why then may we not infer from the visible changes in the latter, the probability of similar changes in the former? It is evident, indeed, that our sun is not extinguished and

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lighted up at short periods; that its variations are not as rapid and considerable as may be observed in some of its neighbours: its changes may not be so great, and so frequent, and so regular, as to be the subjects of computation and foresight. They may arise from causes inscrutable to us. Like earthquakes and volcanoes, the agents may work in secret, and the most vigilant eye may be, in vain, employed to detect their operations. But though the causes be unknown, the effects are incontestible.

Why, indeed, should the lustre of the sun be supposed to be immutable? The order of nature seems to require that there should be progress and mutation in this, as in all other things. The period of its utter extinction may be very remote, but, as long as the causes of its extinction are unknown, we are not certain that this immense taper may not *go out* to-morrow. The most unexpected and capricious changes are observable in this respect among the fixed stars. Why should *this* sun be imagined exempt from revolutions equally abrupt and memorable? Still more probable is it that this illumination, during its continuance, will be sometimes weak and sometimes strong; and those changes must produce prodigious effects among those beings that adorn and animate the surface of the planets. Heat is the great vital principle. When that is totally withdrawn or dispensed in portions considerably different from the present, immense havock must be made among the species that now exist, and new chains of being commence.

An inquisitive mind might amuse or terrify itself by imagining the consequences connected with this changeable property in the sun's

lustre. Its utter extinction would not leave us totally destitute of light. If the stars shine by their own lustre, which is highly probable, night indeed would be eternal; but darkness would be absent still. Gravitation and attraction might still operate, and though the present forms of existence would disappear, other forms would no doubt succeed: nor is there reason to suppose that intelligent beings would be fewer or less happy than at present.

The changes that may hereafter occur, may be merely repetitions of the past. Many facts which ancient observers have noted in the constitution of the atmosphere, may have flowed from inequalities in the sun's light; and the present scene of things may have come into birth in consequence of the re-illumination of the sun after a long period of obscurity. This age of darkness might itself have been preceded by an age of light, and in the endless progress of time, these alterations of lustre and gloom, may already have been, and may hereafter be, a thousand times repeated.

These speculations, however, may be refuted by observation and experience. I am not so enamoured of my system but that I shall readily relinquish it when it is shown to be groundless. These ideas appeared to me to claim some attention; they may possibly contribute to the entertainment of readers who delight in this kind of speculation.

This opinion is not without advocates among the disciples of astronomy. Dr. Herschel, whose authority on all astronomical topics can scarcely be over-rated, has exhibited and defended this system with his usual ingenuity.\*

B.

\* See London Philosophical Transactions for 1796. Herschel's remarks, alluded to by our correspondent, are extracted in this number

*On the Commotions of a New-York May-Day.**Mr. Editor,*

**Y**OU seem to be a very grave kind of person, and I do not know whether you will not disdain the humble subject that I have chosen to write to you about. It may not be of so much importance as some others, but, let me tell you, there are few things that so much influence the happiness of a family. I am a plain woman, and have had my share of attending upon children and servants. I know how much care and anxiety is required to govern a family, and I think I should do a public and extensive good, if, by my means, that anxiety and care were any ways lessened.

Now I scarcely know any grievance greater than that of being compelled to move once a year from one house to another. The people of this city are seized, on the first of May, by a sort of madness, that will not let them rest till they have changed their dwelling. No matter how conveniently and *cleverly* they may be situated. No sooner does spring appear, than preparations are made to move on the first of May. A new house must be looked for, and nothing must be thought or talked of, for the next three months, but what house we shall take.

It is now three years since I married Mr. Armstrong, and came to live in New-York. I was almost tired to death before I got completely settled in a neat little house in Greenwich-street. We had much goods, as well as ourselves, to bring all the way from Poughkeepsie; and there was so much trouble in shipping them off, in getting them from the vessel to the house, and in putting them in order: there was so much time before we could make ourselves comfortable, and make us feel as if we were at home, that

I vowed never to move again, unless compelled to it by fire or some such misfortune.

When six months had passed over our heads, my husband began to start objections to our abode. It was too near the water, it was too small; a cheaper house, he thought, might be found. The landlord had called to know whether he meant to continue in it another year. It was necessary to decide. *Such* and *such* an house, he had heard, was to lose its present tenant, and would, he believed, suit us better.

I had, by this time, began to feel somewhat at my ease. I had formed some acquaintance with my neighbours, and I found them quiet and obliging. I remembered the trouble that I had before had in moving to our present house, and shrunk from the thought of going through it all once more.

Our house, to be sure, had some inconveniences; but it is impossible to find an house exactly to one's mind. There will always be something which we would wish to be different: and custom reconciles one to a thousand little wants and difficulties, which are very serious and formidable when we first meet with them. If we cannot remove them altogether, we make use of shifts and contrivances that come, in time, to answer the end just as well.

I could not bring over my husband to my way of thinking. He would seemingly acquiesce for a little while, but he was always sure to renew the subject. Such a friend of ours was going to move into such an house. Such and such advantages attended the change. The house which he should leave was not yet taken. It was larger, or more commodious, or cheaper than our own. It was near a well of good water, which would save us the price and trouble of buying it; and it was so fine a thing in sultry



weather to have a draught of cold water always at hand: besides, the kitchen was larger, there was a tree before the door, and the houses near it were of brick; and this would make it less dangerous in case of fire.

It was in vain to talk to him about the awkwardness and sadness that we feel in going into a new neighbourhood and a new house. These he did not understand or feel. His father's family had always been used to move once a year, and to live in the same house forever, was, at least, but tiresome and insipid. Suppose, said he, that the new house is no better than this, yet the rent is less by fifty dollars a year. That, I assure you, is something.

To be sure, says I, it is something; but a man like you, whose affairs are in a tolerably good situation, ought to be willing to buy his ease at a greater expense than that. I do not know what money is good for but to place us at our ease. To avoid the clatter, and noise, and hurry, and vexation of moving, I'd be willing, for my part, to give more than fifty dollars. Besides, you do not expect, I hope, to move without any new expense. You must give, at least, that much to cartmen and labourers; so that, on the score of expense, you will be just where you are; while, on the score of time and trouble, you will be the worse by three or four days.

But what you pay to cartmen will not be all the expense. You know that chairs, and tables, and looking-glasses cannot be moved without injury. Carelessness and clumsiness will do them more harm in one hour than using them in the same house for years would do. Not to say what will be mislaid or lost, or what will be stolen: you may set all these down at fifty dollars more; so that, by moving to

an house whose rent is fifty dollars less, you will only run yourself to a new expense of an hundred.

All my reasonings were thrown away upon him: nothing would do, but move we must. And so we have continued moving once a year, at least, since our marriage. I have a mortal aversion to this business, and wish my husband could be persuaded to be satisfied with remaining where he is. The more experience I have of it, the more I dislike it; and, if I live much longer, I will positively refuse to budge at the year's end.

Yet all the world seems like my husband in this respect: all the New-York world I mean, for, as far as I can hear, this custom of a general *move* on the first of May, is not known any where else.—Cannot you write something upon this subject that will show the folly of this custom? I wish you would: you have a better knack at the pen than I have, no doubt, and may be very persuasive and judicious. If you please nobody else by doing so, you will, at least, gratify

AMY ARMSTRONG.

### On ALMANACKS.

*Mr. Editor,*

THERE are few subjects in which a man may find more room for speculation than an almanack. I lately experienced the truth of this remark in a very forcible manner. Last month, walking in the wilds of New-Jersey, I was overtaken by a storm, and obliged to seek shelter in the hovel of a fisherman. Looking about for something to employ my thoughts and beguile the hour, I spied, hanging by a piece of packthread from a nail, an almanack. I took it down, opened it, and turned over the pages in search of some infor-

mation or amusement. The receipts for curing several diseases in men and horses, the moral precepts, and the quotations from Joe Miller scattered through it, were all read with much gravity and deliberation. At length, I closed the book, and turning to the good woman who sat near me, and who was busy in darning a worsted stocking, Pray, said I, what use do you make of this thing?

Why, said she, with a good deal of hesitation, why—I don't know—it's an almanack.

True, said I, and what use do you find for an almanack.

Why, she answered with an air of increased perplexity, we look at it now and then to—to—to tell us the day of the month.

And what need have you to discover the day of the month?

Why—I don't know, I am sure—One likes to know what day of the month it is sometimes. One must pay one's rent quarter day, and one doesn't know when it comes round without an *Olminick*.

That, said I, happens four times a year; so that once in three months you have occasion to look into this book: but there is much besides the days of the week and month. I see, continued I, taking up the book again and showing her the page, I see there are eight columns. One of these shows the days of the week; but here the letter *G* occurs on every Sunday; what does that mean?

Lord love your soul, cried she, how should I know?

The next space is filled with various particulars. First there are the names of saints. I suppose Nicholas, and Stephen, and Matthias, and Sylvester, and Benedict, and Swithen, are saints: What use do you make of them?

Why none, to be sure. What are these folks to me?

Here are likewise sundry hard

words: such as Quinquagesima, Epiphany, Ascension: What do they mean?

La! suz, don't ask me.

And what are these uncouth characters, squares, and circles, and crosses; and the words, elongation, southing, apogee, Sirius and Arcturus, and Bull's eye, and Crab's foot? What did the almanack maker mean by giving us all that?

I can't tell, not I. I looks for nothing but the day of the month and the times that the sun rises.

Here I thought proper to put an end to the dialogue. I could not help reflecting on the abundance of useless and unintelligible learning which an almanack contains. There is scarcely a family, however ignorant and indigent, without one copy hanging constantly in sight, and yet there is no production which fewer understand. The sense it contains is not only abstruse and remote from vulgar apprehension, but it is exhibited in the most scientific and concise form. Figures, initials, symbolical characters, and half-words every where abound.

A stranger who should meet, in every hovel, with a book, in which the relative positions of the planets, the diurnal progress of the sun in the zodiac, the lunar and solar eclipses, the wanderings of Sirius, Arcturus, and the Pleiades; of *Occulus*, *Tauri*, and *Spica-Virginis* were described in a way the most technical imaginable, would be apt to regard us as a very astronomical and learned nation. That the volume should be bought annually by every family, should be considered as an indispensable piece of household furniture, be so placed as to be always at hand, are facts that would make his inference extremely plausible. He would be not a little surprized to discover, that the book is bought for the sake of that which the memory and skill of children



would suffice to find out, of that which costs the compiler nothing more than the survey of a former almanack, and a few strokes of his pen; and that these celebrated computations, these mystic symbols, this adjustment of certain days to certain holy names, are neither attended to, nor understood by one in ten thousand.

The eye roves over them, but the question, what do they mean? never enters the mind. Being accustomed to retain figures and arrangements, we are dissatisfied if they do not appear as usual. My father hung his almanack on this nail, and I must do as my father did. A book of this kind being compiled and published anew every year, we take for granted that every new year demands a new almanack.

Habit will account for the continuance of a certain practice, but not for its origin. One would be naturally led to think, that when almanacks were first invented, mankind were more conversant with the stars than at present, that every cottager was interested in the planetary revolutions, in the places of the moon, in the solar progress, and in the birth days of hermits and confessors.

This is partly true; but the source of curiosity respecting the motions of the heavenly bodies, was merely a belief that the incidents of human life were connected with these changes. That tract in the heavens which the sun apparently passes in a year, was called the zodiac, and was divided into twelve portions, which were called signs, and each of which received a fantastic name. A connection was imagined between the different members of the human body and the signs of the zodiac. Hence it was requisite to state minutely the zodiacal place of the sun, that men might be aware of the accidents to which they were most liable at cer-

tain seasons. The frontispiece commonly exhibited a figure, explaining the connection between constellations and limbs; and this frontispiece is still generally retained.

*Stellar* influence, though strong was rightly supposed to be inferior to that of the planets. The relative position of the fixed stars is apparently unchangeable. Not so that of the planetary bodies: hence curiosity was busy in ascertaining the places of the latter, the prosperous and adverse state of man, being supposed to be swayed by the oppositions and conjunctions of these orbs; and hence compilers of almanacks bestowed particular attention on this circumstance.

There was a time when festivals and religious observances were connected with the anniversaries of the births of apostles and martyrs. It was therefore necessary to inform the people when these anniversaries occurred. A change of religion has taken away this necessity, at least among ourselves. Swithen, Margaret, Magdalen, Michael and Denys are names which the reader overlooks. He never dreams of making a distinction between the days opposite to which these names appear and other days. To us, therefore, or at least to some of us, they are wholly useless and impertinent; but still they are annually printed, and their omission would create, in many persons, disapprobation and surprize.

It can scarcely fail to occur that almanacks might be made the instruments of much general improvement. Custom has introduced them into every family. There is generally a space set apart for miscellaneous information, and in filling this space the compiler is at liberty to exercise his own judgment. The popularity of almanacks will thus afford him an opportunity of imparting wholesome truths to thousands, whose audience he could

never hope to obtain in any other way.

In the form of tables, and in place of much of what is now introduced, facts in physical and moral science might be happily substituted. What is now occupied by Crispen and Gregory, by the perigee and apogee of the moon, by the risings and descents of Sirius and Arcturus, and by the vagaries of the planets, might surely be supplied with much more useful matter.

The happiness of mankind depends not so much upon the progress which the sciences, abstractedly considered, have made, but on the diffusion of the knowledge which already exists. A thousand truths are to be found in the books and meditations of the wise, of which mankind have profited nothing, because, in general, they remain ignorant of their existence. It seems as if a man, truly enlightened, should employ himself not in advancing the various branches of physical and moral knowledge to perfection by solitary experiments, and closet speculation; but in contriving and executing schemes for making simple, intelligible, and concise, the sciences in their present state of improvement; in making cheaper and more commodious, in cloathing in more popular and attractive forms, and putting into the possession of a greater number the knowledge already ascertained, and which is most conducive to their welfare. I cannot conceive an instrument more useful to this end, and an opportunity more favourable to the dissemination of truth and happiness than an almanack affords.

The advantages of this expedient have not been wholly overlooked. In Germany it has been more extensively employed than elsewhere. History, botany, mineralogy, agriculture, and domestic economy, have all been moulded into this form, and with admirable skill and

efficacy. Two improvements have likewise been observable in our own country. One consists in noting the date of the principal events of our own history, and the other in assigning a column for exhibiting the degrees of heat, as observed on Fahrenheit's thermometer, on each day of the preceding year. The last improvement I have seen only in the almanacks published by Mr. Poulson, in Philadelphia.

This letter is already too long, or I would state some obvious improvements, of which I think this kind of publication is susceptible. Perhaps you will hear from me hereafter. R.

#### *On HAIR-POWDER.*

*Mr. Editor,*

I AM desirous of making a figure as an author, but am much at a loss for a suitable subject on which to write. I do not know any language but my own, and never opened a book but to amuse an idle hour. Reading is amusing enough, and there is never any want of books. If they cannot be bought they can be hired, and if they cannot be hired they may be borrowed from my numerous acquaintances, who are more knowing and more studious than myself; but the whim has seized me of seeking amusement in a different way. In short, I am resolved to write a book.

The first thing to be considered is the subject. I want to find a subject that is likely to instruct and entertain my readers; a subject which most people understand, and, above all, a subject on which I can collect the necessary knowledge, without searching very long or very far: I am aiming at pleasure, not toil; I want an amusement, not a task.

I have puzzled myself a good while in hunting for a theme in which to exercise my pen. I think



I have found one at last that will suit me. I owe the suggestion to my barber. Sitting yesterday under his hands, he awakened me from a fit of musing, by asking me when powdering of heads came into fashion? I could not inform him; but his question inspired me with the same curiosity. True, said I to myself, whence arose the custom of powdering the head? How far has the use of powder extended? what changes has the custom undergone? What are its consequences on human happiness? These, at present, are mysterious to me, but I will not rest till they are solved; and, now I think of it, this shall be the subject of my book. I will write a moral, political, and economical essay upon hair-powder.

The next thing is to collect ideas and materials for my essay. Among other means of doing this I have bethought myself of framing some queries on this subject, and of submitting them to the readers of your work. Some of them, perhaps, may possess the knowledge that I want, and may not disdain to supply my needs. A few strokes of the pen may be highly serviceable to my design, and may not cost the application of three minutes.

I am not a person of narrow views. I mean to treat the subject on a large scale, and raise up a very scientific fabric. All its branches and relations shall be thoroughly discussed; and yet, though my excursions shall be wide, I do not mean that they shall be boundless. I design to limit them to the United States and to the present period.

Method being of use on these occasions, I intend to methodize my lucubrations with great care. I will treat the topic in the most orderly manner possible. First I will inquire into the material and manufactory of this article. I know that the grain of wheat is the substance out of which it is made; but,

1. What is the process of making hair-powder? What quantity is annually manufactured in the United States? What number of hands does this manufactory employ? What portion of each day is assigned to it? What ingenuity does it demand, or talents does it call forth or exercise? What influence has the trade upon the senses and health of him that pursues it?

2. The powder being made, what are the mysteries of their trade who apply it to use? What is the number, condition, and social degree of the disciples of the *puff*? What is the amount of their profits? What is the consumption of time and labour demanded by the acquisition and pursuit of their art?

Powder is a minute and white dust. The custom is to shake this dust over our heads on stated or periodical occasions. Sometimes the ceremony takes place once a day; sometimes once a week. Of the dust thus shaken part floats awhile in the air, and, in time, lodges on the walls, furniture, and carpet. The nature of the thing renders this dispersion unavoidable, but its proper place is the head. *There* it is an ornament, but elsewhere it is an incumbrance and pollution, and servile hands must be employed, with brush and cloth, to remove it. Now,

3. What are the rules of etiquette or decency by which some classes and professions use this dust, and others abstain from it? What are the occasions which demand the use of it, or which permit the disuse? What are its effects upon the beauty or soundness of the hair and the head?

4. What time is consumed by him that uses it? What expense does it produce? Time and money are consumed by it, directly and indirectly. Combs, dressing clothes and brushes must be bought, must be kept in some repository, must be occasionally cleansed; these re-

quire the service of others, and exertions of our own: and hence arise claims upon time and money. What is the amount of these claims?

These are a few of the points on which I wish for information. I want merely to be supplied with facts. As to the arrangement of these facts into harmony and system, and the deductions, moral, political and commercial, to be drawn from them, that province I reserve to myself. I have no doubt I shall produce a very valuable performance, and as my work is to be published by subscription, shall receive the most liberal and extensive patronage.

No one will deny the importance of my subject. The history of an art practised by so many, which constitutes so large a portion of our personal employment and expense; which regulates the distinction between different classes of society; which is so much connected with ideas of elegance and decency, cannot be of trifling moment.

I confess to you that I send you this, and desire you to publish it, not merely to gain information on the points stated, but to apprize the world that such a performance is in embryo; to set curiosity on tiptoe, and give your readers the delight of anticipation. I hope you will, by publishing it as soon as possible, gratify the world, as well as assist the schemes of your humble servant,

PETER PUFFENDORF.

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*Parallel between HUME, ROBERTSON and GIBBON.*

**A**MONG English writers of history, common consent seems to have assigned the first place to Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon.—The merit of each of these, compared with that of their contemporaries and their predecessors, is un-

doubtedly illustrious. That each has numerous defects will as readily be granted; but it will not be easily or unanimously decided to which, when compared with each other, the pre-eminence is due.

The eloquence and skill of an historian may be considered distinctly from the truth or falsehood, the utility or hurtfulness, of that system of opinions which he has happened to adopt, and to the inculcation of which his performance is wholly or chiefly devoted. The last consideration is of chief moment; and the judgment that we form of these writers will, of course, be influenced by the texture of that creed which we have previously embraced.

The studious or lettered part of mankind may, at present, be divided into two sects, one of which is friendly, and the other hostile to religion. The first will regard any attempt to undermine the sacred edifice with horror and aversion. This abhorrence will be proportioned to the malice, dexterity and perseverance of the assailant. In these three qualities, Edward Gibbon will be thought to have excelled all former and contemporary writers. History is that kind of composition which, for obvious causes, will find most readers, and logical deductions and comprehensive argumentation are not suitable in this sphere. These, therefore, are not to be found in the works of Gibbon. His subject required him to explain the origin and progress of the Christian system; and, in performing this, he has attacked the truth of this system with the dangerous weapons of sarcasm and irony. The charms of his composition, the dignity and popularity of the theme, and the ingenuity and learning which he cannot be denied to have displayed, have made his book circulate far and wide, and given him uncommon power over



the opinions of the thoughtless and precipitate. Hence, from those who esteem the Christian faith essential to the happiness of mankind, he must claim a large share of disapprobation.

Those who embrace anti-christian tenets will not, of course, applaud every attempt favourable to their cause. If they be candid and upright, they will discern the importance of this subject, and perceive that irony, and sarcasm, and partial inferences, and narrow views, have no tendency but to propagate error, to deprave the moral sentiments of mankind, and to vitiate their reason, by supplying them with a fallacious standard of belief. Nothing, to an ingenuous mind, is more hateful than the tricks and artifices of dispute, masked allusions, sarcastic hints, and ambiguous irony; these, if possible, must be hated more, when employed upon the side of what he deems truth, than when in opposition to it. They are indirect confessions of the weakness of the cause, and proofs of hypocrisy and malice in its advocates. Such, I am afraid, is the light in which the writings of Gibbon deserve to be viewed by impartial readers of both sects.

David Hume was led, by the nature of his subject, into somewhat different tracts. He had, indeed, ample room for noting the effects of superstition and priestcraft; but he is, at least, open and explicit in the avowal of his sentiments. He does not debase his theme by frigid and unseasonable mirth, and is exempt from the preposterous exaggerations of the satirist, and the ignoble artifices of the hypocrite. Hume was the enemy not of any particular form of religion, but of religion itself. His inferences are, therefore, much too large to be admitted by a Christian reader; but, under certain obvious limitations, they will not be rejected by one who, while he

believes in the truth and excellence of religion in general, condemns the abuses of enthusiasm and hypocrisy. Hume, therefore, is not without his claims to respect, even from religious readers; while readers of a different kind will hasten to assign him the first place among sages and historians.

Robertson, in his greatest work, had occasion to deduce the history of the reformation, and to mark, in a thousand instances, the effects of religion on the human mind. I believe there is little room for censure afforded by this historian to either class of readers. His distinctions will be allowed to be correct, between the substance and the semblance of religion; between the doctrines contained in the Christian records, and the forgeries and misinterpretations which were substituted in their place by the ignorance and ambition of the middle ages; between the deductions of reason and the dictates of self-interest, on one hand, and the illusions of fanaticism on the other. The dignity, moderation and candour of his sentiments will be admired by all. Unchristian readers will not condemn him as a dealer in artifices and jests: they will applaud him for having said so much truth, and regret that he has not said (what they must deem) the whole truth.

There are other modes by which the systems of historians may be supposed to influence the merit of their compositions. Their skill in deducing one event from another, and marking the influence of political transactions on the condition of those who are subject to that influence, are things disconnected with religion, and may be judged without biasses derived from that source. In this respect the sagacity and comprehensiveness of Hume is great beyond example. Compared with him, Gibbon and Robertson sink into inferiority. It is

easier to determine their comparative than their absolute merit. That one is less skilful than the other in his selection and arrangement of events; in assigning the causes of events either in precedent occurrences or in the motives of the actor: in tracing the influence of laws and government on manners and arts, and exhibiting the genuine tendencies of wars and revolutions, may be safely asserted. The absolute quantity of the skill of each, and the exact degree of their inequality, are points of difficult solution.

There is one circumstance which constitutes a palpable difference between Gibbon and his rivals. Decency is not the most worthless quality in an historical narration. It should seem, that the want of decency is a want not easily compensated. Wit, learning, and ingenuity, divorced from decency, seem to lose the greater part of their value.

By indecency I do not mean the mention of objects and actions which custom has excluded from popular and mixed intercourse, but the mention of these in a way that indicates a polluted taste and debauched imagination in the writer, and that tends only to infuse depravity and vileness into the mind of the reader. No reader can fail to mark the enormous prevalence of this fault in the Roman history of Gibbon. The reader is continually shocked by these gross perversions. No opportunity in which they can possibly be admitted is supposed to escape. If they cannot be foisted into the text they are stuffed into a note. It is seldom, however, that he finds himself reduced to this expedient. He is deaf to the most obvious incoherences and discords, and will introduce lascivious allusions on occasion the most unsuitable and incongruous imaginable. He seldom forgets to

subjoin a note, in which the nauseous image is further amplified and dwelt upon; in which, perhaps, the original manufacturer of the jest is pointed out, and the *learned* lecher is gratified with seeing the same image expressed in the bolder idiom of Latin or Greek.

The substance of these allusions is not more disgusting than the manner. Voltaire, his great rival in obscenity, has joined wit, elegance and gaiety to his lasciviousness; but Gibbon's style testifies nothing but the influence of depraved habits. His jests are unseasonable, out of place, dull, witless, and loathsome. We are astonished by what links images so dissimilar are connected, and allusions so remote brought into view; and our astonishment ceases only when we recollect the inveteracy of sensual habits, and their aptness to envenom and gangrene the whole soul of him over whom they tyrannize.

When I have been able to forget my disgust, I have drawn amusement from marking the processes of this writer's fancy, and the influence of habit to modify and tincture his ideas. In lately perusing his work, I could not but smile to see him step out of the way in order to amuse his readers with a long quotation from "*La Pucelle d'Orleans*;" a work which his extraordinary modesty will not allow him so much as to name, though he finds no difficulty in inserting ten or fifteen lines of it in the pages of what ought to be a serious history.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that Robertson and Hume are totally exempt from this odious blemish. That decorum and solemnity, are rigorously maintained, which are worthy of the narrator of great events, and a moral painter of the errors and calamities of mankind.

The different spirit of these writers is forcibly illustrated in a passage of Gibbon. The topic of dis-



cussion is the turbulence of the Romans under the Papal government. These suggest a remark with what different degrees of reverence the Pope was regarded by his immediate and his distant subjects, and occasion is needlessly taken to introduce a quotation from Hume, in which the same remark is more diffusely expressed. The name of Hume instantly suggested to this quoter an incident in the life of Geoffrey, the father of Henry II. related by the former, over which he, no doubt, had often secretly chuckled. This is quoted in a note, and a remark is subjoined to the quotation, which would never have been made by Hume, and which shows the contrast, in this respect, between their characters.\*

As to style, these writers essentially differ from each other. Gibbon seems not to have constructed his style upon any known model. There is no example, among English writers, of the same species of composition; and his admiration of Tacitus is only to be found in his own assertions, and not in any resemblance which subsists between the styles of the two historians. It is distinguished by a certain loftiness and uniformity, from which he never stoops or relaxes. His loftiness is artificial and obscure. It is not the result of classical terms and polished phrases, but of circumlocution, and a kind of poetical exhibition of his meaning. He is difficult to understand, not from the inaptitude and ill selection of his words, but from epigrammatic brevity and unnatural arrangement of his thoughts.

Uniformity can scarcely ever please; but a uniformity in defect, in artificial pomp and elaborate obscurity, must be eminently obnoxious. No writer is more tiresome than Gibbon. To read his book

is not only a task from its sameness, but a toil from its obscurity. You must pause at every step, and analyze every sentence before it can be understood. Nothing is expressed in simple terms. Whatever would suggest itself to one ambitious merely of imparting his thoughts in a direct and perspicuous manner, is carefully avoided. Does he mean to tell you that Azo *lived* nearly the whole of the eleventh century, he will say, that *the term of his mortal existence* was almost *commensurate with the lapse* of the eleventh century. Does he desire to inform us, that Fontenelle, at his death, only wanted a fortnight of being an hundred years old, and that Aurengzebe and Cardinal Fleury died before their ninetieth year, he expresses it thus: Had a *fortnight more been given to the philosopher*, he might have *celebrated his secular festival*; but the lives and *labours* of the *Mogul king* and the *French minister* were terminated before they had accomplished their ninetieth year.

It would not be easy to conceive a more powerful contrast to the obscurity and pomp of Gibbon, than the clear, flexible, and simple language of Hume. Extremes are difficult to shun; and, therefore, Hume is sometimes found to sink into careless and disjointed phrases—into mere talk. His simplicity is sometimes incorrect, and his perspicuity destitute of vigour.

At first sight, it should seem that Robertson adhered to the happy mean where lies true excellence; but an attentive examination will discover numerous defects. He prolongs his sentences, and multiplies his epithets without use. He is verbose and wanting in precision: still there is a dignity, simplicity, and clearness in his composition. He is looser and less accurate than

\* Gibbon's History, vol. vi. p. 486. Dublin edition.

Gibbon; more flowing and luxuriant than Hume. You read without efforts or pauses; and all is equable, lucid, and smooth. Hume and Robertson accomplish the true end of writing, which is, to impart our meaning swiftly and clearly. This end is thwarted and missed by Gibbon; and in him, therefore, whatever be his claim to respect for sagacity, fidelity and perseverance, one of the most essential attributes of a just style is wanting.

The eloquence of any narrative relates to that property in it by which it fastens the attention, awakens the passions, and illuminates the imagination of the reader. That writer is eloquent who creates distinct images of characters and objects, who snatches us away from external things, and makes us spectators of the scenes which he describes. This is effected by selecting and arranging the parts of objects and the circumstances of events which are requisite to constitute the picture, and by cloathing them in language always perspicuous, and *sometimes* ornamental.

Gibbon is, in this respect, excelled by many writers, who, in other particulars, are greatly inferior. The nature of his tale, indeed, obliges him to be concise; but his figures are trite and injudicious: his objects are obscured, instead of being illuminated by his style; and his characters are vaguely delineated and faintly coloured.

Hume excels all men in portraying the heroes of the scene. His narrative is coherent and luminous. It affords pleasure to the old and the young, and fiction itself is outdone in its power to command and delight attention by the seductions of his tale.

Robertson is scarcely inferior, in this respect, to Hume, and immeasurably surpasses Gibbon. His narrative, whether compendious or circumstantial, lays hold of the

mind, and, when it is at an end, we awake, as from a pleasing dream, with reluctance. The whole series of American and Scottish history is a specimen of this. The military operations between Francis and the Emperor Charles; the expedition of the latter to Algiers; the conspiracy of Fiesco; the rebellion of Padilla; and the insurrection of the Anabaptists, are all related with a vividness and perspicuity that cannot be excelled.

How far these writers are faithful to the truth it is not the purpose of this essay to investigate. Different opinions have been formed on this head. In Hume some have supposed that they discovered an inclination to depreciate the freedom of the English constitution, under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and to degrade the heroes and patriots who contended for civil and religious liberty against Charles I. —Robertson is said to have maligned the character of Mary of Scotland; to have misstated the spirit and progress of the feudal system; and to have palliated the cruelties of the Spaniards in America. Gibbon has been charged with misrepresentation, as well as sophistry; with suppressing and disguising those facts which are favourable to the Christian cause. These are points which I shall not, at present, discuss. The end that I proposed was no more than to compare their claims to the praise of eloquence and genius. If any defects are to be found in this comparison, I hope some of your readers will gratify me by detecting them. O.

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*Description of the City of MOROCCO.*

BY A TRAVELLER.

WESTWARD, and at the foot of Atlas, is a plain of considerable extent; the fertility of



which is increased by numerous streams, falling from the neighbouring mountain. It was formerly divided into gardens and plantations, few of which have survived the devastation of tyranny and faction.

In the midst of this plain is situated the city of Morocco; the metropolis of a kingdom which vies with France in extent, and exceeds it in fertility; but, in consequence of misgovernment, is little better than a desert.

The walls, which are nearly entire, comprise a space not inferior to Paris, but which exhibit little more than heaps of ruins. Indeed, of half a million of inhabitants, which it probably contained in the flourishing period of the Arabians, twenty or thirty thousand are the most that can now be found in it. In the absence of the prince, the number is even less than this.

The foundations of houses, and the vestiges of streets are every where visible. The quarters that have been rebuilt are distant from each other, and composed of houses awkwardly constructed, tottering, dark, inconvenient and filthy.

The houses of private persons, in their size and proportions, have no resemblance to each other. They are not built in the same line. The breadth of the street is therefore perpetually varying. They all agree in presenting a square front, of mud, half converted into bricks, irregular in surface, and with no aperture but a door.

The Jews reside in a separate quarter, enclosed by a craggy wall. The ruins of synagogues and habitations show this quarter to have once been populous. It is said to have contained twenty thousand persons, who have now dwindled to two hundred families. The rest have been dispersed by violence, or have taken refuge, from a sanguinary and tyrannical government, in the bosom of the neighbouring hills.

The public buildings are mosques, kaiseria, or market-places, and the buildings of the great. The mosques, some of which are spacious, are built in a similar, but some what worse style than structures of the same kind in Natolia and Greece. The kaiseria are mean in their structure, and make but a beggarly display of merchandize. They are much inferior to the bezesteens in Turkey, places appropriate to the same purpose.

A large space, enclosed by walls, containing gardens of orange trees and odoriferous flowers, and interspersed by gay pavilions, is the abode of the monarch, his kinsmen, and his grandees. These differ in extent and splendour in proportion to the rank and wealth of the possessor: that of the prince is of course the most magnificent.

The last is an edifice of some grandeur. It fronts the snowy and stupendous ridge of Atlas, which, though many leagues distant, seems to overhang the city. The walls, through which you are led by gates of hewn stone, adorned with Gothic arches and Arabian ornaments, enclose various courts and gardens. These were laid out by captives or hirelings from Naples and France, and forcibly reminded me of my native country. In this instance, for some reason which I am unable to assign, this people seem to have dismissed their usual antipathy to whatever is christian.

In the centre of each garden is a pyramidal edifice, covered with varnished tiles of various colours. In each is a large hall, lighted and aired by four doors. The walls are embellished with gilding, and painting, and inscriptions from the Koran. The floor is covered with carpets. The rest of the furniture consists in tables, clocks, fire-arms, all of European manufacture, china and flower-pots.

The temperature of this city is

in an high degree salubrious and delightful. The snowy summits of Atlas screen it from the burning winds of the desert. To the same cause, however, it is owing that the winter is extremely cold.

Morocco is the capital of the southern, as Mequinez is of the northern provinces. The latter is in a less ruinous condition than the former; but the above description is, with a few exceptions, adapted to all the Mahometan cities.

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REMARKS on *LOVERS' VOWS*: a  
Play in five Acts, performed at the  
Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.  
From the German of KOTZEBUE.  
By Mrs. INCHBALD.

THE plays of Kotzebue having attracted a very uncommon degree of attention, as prepared for, and exhibited on the stage of New-York, we were anxious to see a production of this popular author, as fitted for the taste of an English audience by a celebrated dramatic writer of that nation, and stamped with unequivocal marks of public approbation. We were prepared to acknowledge the superiority of this version, from the hands of Mrs. Inchbald, over the translation (however much admired by Americans) which had been exhibited at the Theatre of New-York, without having received the sanction of a London audience. Our expectations were raised still higher on reading Mrs. Inchbald's preface, in which she has, without reserve, given a decided preference to her play over that of Kotzebue. How great then was our disappointment on finding, that to fit it for the English stage almost every passage which had made its way to our hearts, and forced the tears into our eyes, was expunged by Mrs. Inchbald as unfit for the ears of her countrymen.

Every character of the piece has suffered by the alterations of the English Dramatist, except, perhaps, the rhyming *Butler*. "The part of Amelia has been a very particular object of my solicitude and alteration," says Mrs. Inchbald, "the same situations which the author gave her remain, but almost all the dialogue of the character I have changed." Mrs. Inchbald goes on to condemn Kotzebue's Amelia in very pointed terms, her "forward" manner "would have been revolting to an English audience."—"Amelia's love, by Kotzebue, is indelicately blunt, and yet void of mirth or sadness." Either a London audience is very different from an audience in New-York, or Mrs. Inchbald is very much mistaken as to the effect the character of *Kotzebue's Amelia* would produce; it was, in this city, the very reverse of "revolting." Let us, in justice to the German Bard, examine his Amelia with the *improved* Amelia of Mrs. Inchbald. We have before us the admired Covent-Garden play, as published, and the manuscript copy represented on our stage, which, we are assured, is Mrs. Plumptree's literal translation, fitted for an American audience, by the Director of the New-York Theatre.

Amelia's first speech, kissing the Baron's hand, is "Good morrow, dear father;" but for an English audience the tender appellation of "father" must be changed to "my Lord." But we must not be so minute. Several of Amelia's sweetly simple replies to her father, expressive of her frankness, in avowing her sentiments at the same time that she wishes to obey his commands, are omitted: indeed, there is little belonging to the scene worth reading or hearing that is not omitted. One great advantage is gained to an English audience—the scene is shortened.

In Amelia's second scene, Arnaud, or Anhalt, gives two pictures



of matrimony; in the literal translation exquisite specimens of style and sentiment; we cannot say so much of the *improved* copy. After the latter picture, which describes a miserable couple, the lovely child of nature exclaims, "I will not marry!"

*Arnaud.* That is in other words to say, I will not love.

*Amelia.* Yes, I will marry—for I will love—I love already—

*Arnaud.* (*much confused.*) Indeed!—You love the Count Cassel?

*Amelia.* Oh, no, no! Away with the fool! I love you.

*Arnaud.* Madam!—My lady!

*Amelia.* And you I will marry.

*Arnaud.* Me!

*Amelia.* Yes, you, dear Tutor.

*Arnaud.* Amelia!—You forget—

*Amelia.* What do I forget?

*Arnaud.* That you are of noble extraction.

*Amelia.* What signifies that?

*Arnaud.* It cannot be!

*Amelia.* If you have an affection for me—

*Arnaud.* I love you as my life.

*Amelia.* Well then, marry me.

*Arnaud.* Oh, spare me Amelia! I am but a man.

*Amelia.* You have yourself exhibited to me so alluring a picture of the marriage state!—But *I* am not, then, the woman with whom you could share all *your* joys, all *your* sorrows!

The reader will look in vain for this charming dialogue in Mrs. Inchbald's play. This is the avowal of love which "would have been revolting to an English audience;" which "is indelicately blunt," "insipid or disgusting." And what have we in the stead?—

*Amelia.* I will not marry.

*Anhalt.* You *mean* to say you will not *fall in* love.

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*Anhalt.* ———I am out of the question.

*Amelia.* No; you are the very

person to whom I have put the question.

*Anhalt.* What do you mean?

*Amelia.* I am glad you don't understand me. I was afraid I had spoken too plain. (*In confusion*)

*Anhalt.* Understand you!—As to that—I am not dull.

*Amelia.* I know you are not—And as you have for a long time instructed me, why should not I now begin to teach you?

*Anhalt.* Teach me what?

*Amelia.* Whatever I know, and you don't.

*Anhalt.* There are some things I had rather never know.

*Amelia.* So you may remember I said when you began to teach me mathematicks. I said I had rather not know it—But now I have learnt it gives me a great deal of pleasure—and (*hesitating*) perhaps, who can tell, but that I might teach something as pleasant to you as resolving a problem is to me.

*Anhalt.* Woman herself is a problem.

*Amelia.* And I'll teach you to make her out.

*Anhalt.* You teach?

*Amelia.* Why not? none but a woman can teach the science of herself: and though I own I am very young, a young woman may be as agreeable for a tutoress as an old one.—I am sure I always learnt faster from you than from the old clergyman who taught me before you came.

*Anhalt.* This is nothing to the subject.

*Amelia.* What is the subject?

*Anhalt.* ———Love!

*Amelia.* (*going up to him*) Come, then, teach it me—teach it me as you taught me geography, languages, and other important things.

*Anhalt.* (*turning from her.*) Pshaw!

*Amelia.* Ah! you won't—You know you have already taught me that, and you won't begin again.

*Anhalt.* You misconstrue—you

misconceive every thing I say or do. The subject I came to you upon was marriage.

*Amelia.* A very proper subject from the man who has taught me love, and I accept the proposal. (*Curtesying.*)

This is the delicacy which is substituted for the "blunt, insipid and revolting" dialogue of Kotzebue!

The reader will not find the following lines in the Covent-Garden play:—

"Have you not often told me that the heart ennobles us? (*Places her hand upon her heart*). Oh! truly I should marry a noble man."

We do not propose to quote *all* the fine passages omitted; there are in this scene several others; and those retained are invariably expressed with less force, and in a style very inferior to the parallel passages in the literal translation. The scene, in the fourth act, in which Amelia discloses her love of the amiable minister to her indulgent parent, is curtailed and very much injured: the charming incident of looking for the needle, which draws down such bursts of applause from our audiences, is altogether omitted. Amelia's last scene is the concluding one of the play; and here, as in every other situation, Mrs. Inchbald has loaded her with injury.

We will next review the character of Frederick, and touch on that of the Baron, as it is so intimately connected with that of his son.—Mrs. Inchbald says, "I could inform my reader why I have portrayed the Baron, in many particulars, different from the German author:" but as she has not done it, we confess ourselves totally at a loss for the reason: we see no variation that is not injurious to the play, when we compare it with the manuscript before us.

In Frederick's first scene, is this speech: "Know I not well the heart of my mother!—Accursed be

the thought that would condemn her of a *weakness*—of a *crime* she is incapable." Instead of this, Mrs. Inchbald gives, "Cursed be that son who could find his mother guilty, although the world should call her so." As far as this is intelligible, it is a false sentiment. Frederick has not much to say in this scene in either play, as he is an attentive listener to his mother's tale of sorrow. The Cottagers not being of sufficient consequence to demand a separate review, we shall here notice an omission of Mrs. Inchbald's, which marks a very unexpected deficiency of judgment. When the cottager goes to his door, and calls to his wife, who is supposed within, to make preparations for the sick woman, he says, "Wife, make up the bed there quickly; *you can lay the boy upon the bench in the mean time.*" The latter charmingly appropriate idea—an idea which fills the mind with images, and touches the heart with unexpected delight—was discarded by the English dramatist. The soliloquy with which Frederick opens the third act is curtailed to nothing. His manner of intreating the Baron for money is much injured. But how will the reader be surprized to learn, that from the soliloquy which begins the fourth act, the exquisite lines which describe his intention of surprizing his mother, when he "should creep close by the wall," and the image he had formed of the beloved matron "laying aside her work" to come to the door, are rejected. The scene between him and the minister in the prison is cut away to mere outline. But all the former outrages committed upon this play sink into nothing, compared with the cruel mutilation of the last scene of the fourth act, wherein Kotzebue makes the son reprove his father, in a dialogue unparalleled for energy and truth. Were we to point out the beauties



here omitted, we should be forced to transcribe the whole scene: but this is what Mrs. Inchbald calls, in a tone of self-congratulation, "to compress the matter of a speech of three or four pages into one of three or four lines." If Kotzebue can read the language in which Mrs. Inchbald has written her "Lovers' Vows," how will he mourn over the feeble, sickly, and mutilated corse of his "Child of Love!"

As we find nothing to praise in Mrs. Inchbald's play, (the Butler's copy of verses excepted) when compared with Kotzebue's, we will break off our examination, from a fear that a long-continued strain of fault-finding will become as tiresome to our readers as it is irksome to us. Many of the omissions of Mrs. Inchbald are judicious and necessary; and we find, that in some instances the American revisor has accorded with her in opinion, whilst fitting the play for his theatre. Mrs. Inchbald, in the fourth act, gives us a scene altogether her own; but we cannot praise it. She discards the Count in the fourth act, consequently alters one of the scenes in the fifth, where that event takes place: and she retains a short scene in the fifth act, between Frederick and his father, which is rejected by the American revisor.

We take leave of this piece, by congratulating our countrymen on the great superiority of the play they have seen on the stage of New-York, under the title of "Lovers' Vows," over that which has been represented at Covent-Garden, and by recommending to every reader the translation of Mrs. A. Plumptre, as, beyond comparison, preferable to that of Mrs. Inchbald.

D.

May, 1799.

THESSALONICA: *A Roman Story.*

THESSALONICA, in consequence of its commercial situation, was populous and rich. Its fortifications and numerous garrison had preserved it from injury during the late commotions,\* and the number of inhabitants was greatly increased, at the expense of the defenceless districts and cities. Its place, with relation to Dalmatia, the Peloponnesus, and the Danube, was nearly central. Its security had been uninterrupted for ages, and no city in the empire of Theodosius exhibited so many monuments of its ancient prosperity. It had been, for many years, the residence of the prince, and had thence become the object of a kind of filial affection. He had laboured to render it impregnable, by erecting bulwarks, and guarding it with the bravest of his troops; he had endowed the citizens with new revenues and privileges, had enhanced the frequency of their shows, and the magnificence of their halls and avenues, and made it the seat of government of Illyria and Greece.

Its defence was intrusted to Botheric, whom he had selected for his valour, fidelity, and moderation; and he commended, with equal zeal to this officer, the defence of the city from external enemies, and the maintenance of justice and order within its walls.

The temper of Botheric was generous and impetuous. He was unacquainted with civil forms, and refrained, as much as possible, from encroaching on the functions of the magistrate. His education and genius were military, and he conceived that his commission required from him nothing but unwearied attention to his soldiers. His vigilance was bent to maintain order and obe-

\* At the conclusion of the Gothic war, A. D. 390.

dience among them, and to prevent or to stifle dissensions between them and the citizens. For this end he multiplied their duties and exercises, so as to leave no room for intercourse with the people. Their time was constantly occupied with attendance at their stations, or performance of some personal duty in their quarters.

By these means, the empire of order was, for some time, maintained; but no diligence or moderation can fully restrain the passions of the multitude. Quarrels sometimes arose between the spectators at the theatre and circus, and the centinels who were planted in the avenues. The General was always present at the public shows; clamour and riot instantly attracted his attention, and if a soldier was a party in the fray, he hastened to terminate the contest, by examination and punishment.

You need not be told, that the populace of Roman cities are actuated by a boundless passion for public shows. The bounty of the prince cannot be more acceptably exerted than in pecuniary donations for this purpose, and by making exhibitions more frequent and magnificent. The gratitude of this people is proportioned, not to the efficacy of edicts to restrain crimes, alleviate cares, or diminish the price of provisions; but to the commodiousness and cheapness of seats in a theatre, or to the number and beauty of the horses which are provided for the circus.

The prince had manifested his attachment to this city in the usual manner. The finest horses were procured, at his expense, from Africa and Spain; new embellishments were added to the chariots, and a third set of characters, distinguished by a crimson uniform, was added to the former. Once a month, the people were amused by races, at the expense of their sovereign.

At one of these exhibitions, a citizen, by name Macro, attempted to enter a gate by which the Senators passed to their seats. Order had long since established distinctions in this respect, and every class of the people enjoyed their peculiar seats and entrances. Macro was therefore denied admission, by two soldiers stationed in the passage. He persisted in his efforts to enter, and the soldiers persisted in their opposition, till, at length, a scuffle ensued, in which the citizen was slightly wounded.

The games not having begun, many from within and without were attracted to the spot. The crowd insensibly increased, and the spectators seemed willing to discountenance the claims of Macro. The sight of his blood, however, changed the tide in his favour. The soldiers were believed to have proceeded to this extremity without necessity, and to have exercised their power wantonly.

Clamours of disapprobation were succeeded by attempts to disarm the centinels, and conduct them before the tribunal of their General. This was usually held in an upper porch of the edifice. Botheric was momentarily expected, and the persons who urged the seizure of the culprits, were governed by pacific intentions. The soldiers were supposed to have transgressed their duty, and redress was sought in a lawful manner. Botheric was the only judge of their conduct, and confidence was placed in the equity of his decision.

The soldiers maintained the rectitude of their proceeding, and refused to resign their arms, or leave the post. Some endeavoured to gain their end by expostulation and remonstrance. The greater number were enraged, and their menaces being ineffectual, were quickly succeeded by violence. The interior passages were wide, but the entrance



was narrow, and the soldiers profited by their situation, to repel the assaults that were made upon them. The wounds which they inflicted in their own defence augmented the fury of their assailants. They fought with desperate resolution, and were not overpowered till they had killed five of the citizens.

At length the soldiers sought their safety in flight. The mob poured into the passages. One of the fugitives was overtaken in a moment. The pursuers were unarmed, but the victim was dashed against the pavement, and his limbs were torn from each other by the furious hands that were fastened upon him. While his lifeless and bleeding trunk was dragged along the ground, and thrown to and fro by some, others were engaged in searching for him that escaped.

While roaming from place to place, they met a soldier whom his officer had dispatched upon some message. They staid not to inquire whether this was he of whom they were in search, but seizing him, they dragged him to the midst of the square, and dispatched him with a thousand blows.

The tumult was by no means appeased by these executions. Numbers flocked to the scene. The sight of the dead bodies of the citizens, imperfect and exaggerated rumours of the cruelty of the centinels, the execrations and example of those who had been leaders in the tumult, conspired to engage them in the same outrages.

The pursuit of the fugitive soldier did not slacken. The galleries and vaults were secured, and every place resounded with uproar and menace. Meanwhile, the seats of the Senators were filled with a promiscuous crowd, who gladly seized this opportunity of engrossing places more convenient than any other.

At this moment, Botheric and his officers arrived. The entrance

was inaccessible, by reason of the crowd stationed without, and the numbers that were struggling in the passages to gain the senatorial benches. In this contest, the weaker were overpowered, and scores were trodden to death or suffocated. The General and his officers were no sooner known to be arrived, than they were greeted on all hands, by threatening gestures and insolent clamours. The heads of the slaughtered soldiers were placed upon pikes. Botheric was compelled to gaze upon their gory visages, and listen to the outcries for vengeance which ascended from a thousand mouths.

This unwonted spectacle, and the confusion which surrounded him, threw him into temporary panic. It was requisite to ascertain the causes of this tumult, to prevent its progress, and to punish its authors; but his own safety was to be, in the first place, consulted. How far that was endangered by the fury of the populace it was impossible to foresee.

His retinue consisted of twenty officers, who were armed, as usual, with daggers. Recovering from their first astonishment, they involuntarily drew their weapons, and crowded round their General. This movement seemed by no means to intimidate the populace, whose outcries and menaces became more vehement than ever. As their numbers and fury increased, they pressed more closely and audaciously upon this slender band, whose weapons pointed at the bosoms of those who were nearest, and who could scarcely preserve themselves from being overwhelmed.

Botheric's surprize quickly yielded to a just view of the perils that surrounded him. The cause of this tumult was unknown; but it was evident that the temper of the people was revengeful and sanguinary. The slightest incident was sufficient to set them free from restraint. The

first blood that should be shed would be the signal for outrage, and neither he nor his officers could hope to escape with their lives.

His first care, therefore, was to inculcate forbearance on his officers. This, indeed, would avail them but little, since the foremost of the crowd would be irresistibly impelled by those who were behind, and whose numbers incessantly increased. In a moment they would be pressed together; their arms would be useless; and secret enemies, by whom he vaguely suspected that this tumult had been excited, would seize that opportunity for wreaking their vengeance.

To escape to the neighbouring portico was an obvious expedient; but the galleries, above and below, were already filled with a clamorous multitude, whose outcries and gesticulations prompted those below to the commission of violence. His troops were either dispersed in their quarters, or stationed on the walls. The few whose duty required their attendance at the circus could afford no protection. Those at a distance could not be seasonably apprized of the danger of their leader; and if they were apprized, would be at a loss, in the absence of their officers, in what manner to act. To endeavour to restore tranquillity by persuasion or remonstrance was chimerical. No single voice could be heard amidst the uproar.

In this part of the square there had formerly been erected an equestrian statue of Constantius. It had been overthrown and broken to pieces in a popular sedition. The pedestal still remained. The advantage of a lofty station, for the sake either of defence or of being heard, was apparent. Botheric, and two of his officers, leaped upon it, and stretched forth their hands in an attitude commanding silence.

This station, by rendering the person of Botheric distinguishable

at a distance, only enhanced his danger. A soldier, by name Eustace, who had, a few days before, been punished for some infraction of discipline, by stripes and ignominious dismissal from the service, chanced to be one of those who were gazing at the scene from the upper portico. The treatment he had suffered could not fail to excite resentment, but the means of vengeance were undigested and impracticable. His cowardice and narrow understanding equally conspired to render his malice impotent. He intended, the next day, to set out for his native country, Syria, and, meanwhile, mixed with the rabble which infested the circus.

Botheric had extorted, by his equity and firmness, the esteem of the magistrates and better class of the people. The vile populace were influenced by no sentiment but fear. Botheric had done nothing to excite their hatred; and his person would probably have been uninjured till the alarm had reached the citadel, and the troops had hastened to his rescue, had not Eustace unhappily espied him, as he stood upon the pedestal.

The soldier had an heavy stone in his hand, with which he had armed himself, from a general propensity to mischief, and a vague conception that it might be useful to his own defence. The person of his enemy was no sooner distinctly seen, than a sudden impulse to seize this opportunity for the gratification of his vengeance was felt by him. He threw the stone towards the spot where the General stood.

Botheric was exerting his voice to obtain audience, when the stone struck upon his breast. The blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, his speech and strength failed, and he sunk upon the ground.

This outrage was observed with grief, rage and consternation by his



retinue. Their own safety required the most desperate exertions. Two of them lifted the General in their arms, while the rest, with one accord, brandished their weapons, and rushed upon the crowd. They determined to open a way by killing all that opposed them.

Men, crowded together in a narrow space, are bereft of all power over their own motions. Their exertions contribute merely to destroy their weaker neighbours, without extricating themselves. Those whom chance exposed to the swords of the officers were unable to fly. Their condition was no less desperate; and the blood that flowed around them insensibly converted their terror into rage.

The contest was unequal, and a dreadful carnage ensued before the weapons were wrested from their owners. A thousand hands were eager to partake in the work of vengeance. The father had seen the death of his son, and the son had witnessed the agonies of his father. The execution appeared to be needless and wanton; and the swords, after being stained with the blood of their kinsmen, were aimed at their own breasts. This was no time to speculate upon causes and consequences. All around them was anarchy and uproar, and passion was triumphant in all hearts.

Botheric and his train were thrown to the ground, mangled by numberless wounds, or trampled into pieces. The assassins contended for the possession of the dismembered bodies, and threw the limbs, yet palpitating, into the air, which was filled with shouts and imprecations.

All this passed in a few minutes. Few were acquainted with the cause of the tumult. Still fewer were acquainted with the deplorable issue to which it had led. The immediate actors and witnesses were fully occupied. The distant crowd, whose

numbers were increased by the arrival of those who, from all quarters, were hastening to the circus, could only indulge their wonder and panic, and make fruitless inquiries of their neighbours.

In this state of things a rumour was hatched, and propagated with infinite rapidity, that the soldiers had received orders to massacre the people, and that the execution had already begun. All was commotion and flight. The crowd melted away in a moment. The avenues were crowded with the fugitives, who overturned those whom they met, or communicated to them their belief and their terror. Every one fled to his house, and imparted to his family the dreadful tidings. Distraction and lamentation seized upon the women and domestics. They barred their doors, and prepared to avoid or resist the fate which impended over them.

Meanwhile, those who had rushed through the unguarded passages, and occupied the senatorial seats, were alarmed, and prompted to return, by the continuance of the uproar without. In their haste to issue forth they incumbered and impeded each other, and the passage was choaked. Some one appeared in an upper gallery, and called upon the people to provide for their safety, for that Botheric had directed a general massacre.

This intelligence operated more destructively than a thousand swords. In the universal eagerness to escape, the avenues were made impassable, and numbers were overthrown and trampled to death.

The magistrates had taken their places when the tumult began. Some were infected with the general panic, and made ineffectual efforts to escape. My duty, as chief magistrate, required me to apply all my endeavours to the checking of the evil. I waited, in anxious suspense, for information as to the na-

ture and extent of the mischief. In my present situation nothing could reach me but a disjointed and mutilated tale. I heard outcries, and witnessed the commotion, but was wholly at a loss as to their cause or tendency.

After a time the tumult began to subside. The passages were gradually cleared by the suffocation of the weaker, and the multitude rushed over the bodies of their fellow citizens into the square. The timorous hastened to their homes, and spread the alarm to the most distant quarters of the city. Others, more courageous or inquisitive, lingered on the spot, gazed upon the mangled and disfigured bodies, which were strewed around the pedestal, and listened to the complaints of the wounded, and the relations of those who had been active in the fray.

Those whose passions had not been previously excited, no sooner recognized the visages of Botheric and some of his retinue among the slain, than terrors of a new kind were awakened. The murder of one of the most illustrious men in the empire, and one who possessed, beyond all others, the affections of the prince, was an event pregnant with disastrous consequences. That his death would call down some signal punishment, in which themselves, though innocent, might be involved, was justly to be dreaded. That the resentment of the soldiery would stimulate them to some sudden outrage was no less probable. There was imminent peril in being found near the spot. The spectators gradually withdrew, and solitude and silence succeeded. The uproar was hushed, the circus was deserted, and a panic stillness seemed to hover over the city.

As soon as obstructions were removed, in my character as prefect of the city, and attended by civil officers, I ascended a tribunal in an

hall near the circus. Some of my attendants were immediately dispatched to examine the scene of the conflict, to arrest all who should be found near it, and collect all the information that offered.

Those charged with this commission speedily returned, leading two men, whose wounds did not disable them from walking when supported by others. These persons were questioned as to their knowledge of this disaster. One of them related that when the officers were encompassed by the mob, it was his ill fortune to be placed near them. He was a stranger to the cause of the tumult, and endeavoured, with his utmost strength, to extricate himself from his perilous situation. The populace were loud in their clamours, the officers seemed resolute in their own defence, and he dreaded that the scene would terminate in bloodshed. His temper was pacific and timid, and he desired nothing more than to remove to a safe distance.

While making efforts for this purpose, the officers assailed the crowd, and he was the first to fall by their swords. His senses deserted him, and he did not revive till the mob was entirely dispersed. His companion told a tale nearly similar, and the attendants informed the magistrate that Botheric and his tribunes had perished, their scattered remains being found upon the spot.

I was startled and confounded by this incident. To what excesses the soldiers might be suddenly transported when freed from the restraints of discipline, it was easy to foresee. No other expedient suggested itself, than to summon the municipal body, and request their counsel in this urgent danger.

The members of the senate were preparing to go to the circus. This was commonly done with equipage and pompous train. The hour of



assembling was arrived, and they were preparing to set out, when rumours of sedition and massacre assailed them. Messengers were by some dispatched to obtain more distinct information, some of whom return with the tidings gleaned from the fugitives whom they encountered in the way. Others, more intrepid, ventured to approach the circus, and examine objects with their own eyes. They brought back the tidings that Botheric and his officers were slain by the people.

The most courageous were deeply apprehensive of the consequences which would grow out of his untimely death. They were alternately perplexed with wonder respecting the cause of so memorable a catastrophe, and with dread of the vengeance which it would excite in the bosom; not only of the soldiers, but of the prince. They were recalled from their mournful reveries, by loud signals at their gate, and the entrance of an herald, who, in the name of the prefect, summoned them to council. The summons was gladly obeyed.

Some time had now elapsed. The citizens, immured in their houses, darted fearful glances from their balconies and windows, anxious to hear tidings. The passing Senators were recognized, and their progress attended with importunate inquiries into the nature of the threatened evil, and with supplications that their zeal should be exerted to preclude it.

Many, encouraged by the presence of their magistrates, joined the cavalcade, and the Senate house was quickly surrounded by an immense, but trembling multitude. The Senate being, at length, convened, I laid before them all the intelligence which I had been able to procure respecting the late tumult. I expatiated on the enormity of the deed that had been perpetrated in the murder of Botheric and his officers,

and enumerated its probable effects on the minds of the soldiers, and of the prince. I pointed out the necessity of ascertaining the genuine circumstances of the case, of detecting and punishing the criminals, and of appeasing the resentment of the sovereign and the troops.

While engaged in consultation, the wrath which we so justly dreaded, was already excited in the soldiers. Affrighted at the fate of their companions, the centinels posted in the circus fled with precipitation to the military quarter. The rumour was at first indistinct, and as affrays of this kind were not uncommon, the soldiers trusted to the equity of their leader for the vindication of their wrongs. Presently a messenger arrived, informing them that their General was surrounded and likely to be slain by the populace.

At this news, many ran together, and intreated the subaltern officers to lead them to the rescue of their General. As no orders were transmitted from their superiors, the Centurions hesitated to comply. Their reluctance to interpose was increased by the incredibility of the danger. The clamours of the soldiers, however, who threatened to march without permission, conquered this reluctance, and five hundred men were called out.

The general consternation which they witnessed on their march, excited their fears. The few persons who remained in the square, vanished at their approach, and they were left to learn the fate of their officers from the view of their lifeless remains.

The soldiers of Botheric were his friends, countrymen, and family. They had devoted themselves to his honour, and followed his standard, in the service of Theodosius, with invincible fidelity. Many of them had bound themselves by oaths to die with him.

The mangled and dishonoured corpse of this adored leader, now presented itself to their eyes. Every sentiment was absorbed, for a time, in astonishment and grief. They inquired of each other, if the spectacle which they beheld was real; if these, indeed, were the members and features of their beloved chief. They held up his remains to view, bathed his disfigured face with their tears, and burst, at length, into a cry of universal lamentation.

Many, in pursuance of their vow not to survive their leader, stabbed themselves, and died upon the spot. Others exclaimed that their vows to that effect, should be performed only when the funeral honours and the vengeance due to their chief, were fully paid. They collected his remains, and wrapping them in his mantle, set out on their return to the citadel, in a solemn procession. On their way they sung wild and melancholy dirges, in the fashion of their country, and mingled with their music fits of passionate weeping. In the streets which they passed, every one fled before them, and all around was lonely and desolate.

Intelligence of their approach was quickly received by their comrades at the citadel, who came out in great numbers, and joined the procession. Indignation and fury appeared to be suspended in a superior passion.

Meanwhile, the subaltern officers were no sooner fully apprized of the havoc which had taken place, than they assembled in a kind of counsel. They were aware of the necessity of subordination, and they did not mean that their vengeance should be less sure because it was delayed. One of their number, by name Walimer, an hoary veteran, was unanimously chosen their leader.

Walimer concealed, under a savage aspect, all the qualities of a

judicious commander. His grief for the fate of Botheric was tempered by prudence and foresight. As soon as the choice was known, he leaped into the midst of the assembly, and devoted himself, with solemn imprecations, to the task of avenging their late chief. At the same time, he enlarged upon the benefits of circumspection and delay. The first measure he proposed was to dispatch a messenger to Theodosius, with an account of this transaction. He questioned not that the Emperor would authorize a signal retribution to be inflicted on the guilty city, and that they would be appointed the ministers of his justice. It was easy to convince his hearers of the advantage of proceeding in the business of revenge with the sanction or connivance of the government. If the Emperor should refuse justice, it would then be time enough to extort it. The arms and fortifications were still in their possession, and these it would be wise to guard with the utmost vigilance. In this counsel the new tribunes readily concurred, and suitable remonstrances convinced the soldiers of the propriety of the choice that had been made, and the proceedings adopted. Three horsemen, charged with the delivery of a message to the Emperor, were immediately dispatched to *Mediolanum*.

To communicate information of these events to the monarch, to deprecate his anger, and convince him of the innocence of the magistrates and the greater part of the people, were likewise suggested to the Senate by one of its members. The wisdom of this counsel was obvious. I was authorized, as prefect, to draw up a statement of the truth, from such information as I had already received, or should speedily obtain. This was to be done with all possible expedition, in order to prevent the propagation of rumours.



Meanwhile, a deputation was appointed to visit the citadel, to declare to the soldiers the sincere regret of the Senate for the unhappy event that had befallen, to exhort them to moderation and peace, and assure them that the most strenuous exertions should be made to detect the authors of the tumult, on whom the most signal punishment should be inflicted.

The deputies were astonished to observe the order which reigned in the soldiers' quarters. No clamours or menaces were heard. They were conducted to the hall, where Walimer and his officers were seated, and their exhortations and pleas were listened to with sullen and mournful silence.

Walimer, in answer to their message, informed them of the choice which the soldiers had made of a new chief, declared his implicit reliance on the justice of the Emperor, to whose decrees he and his troops were determined to conform, and admonished them to execute, without delay, the justice which they promised. He told them that discipline should be as rigidly maintained as formerly, and that things should remain in their present state till the will of their common sovereign was known. The Senate waited, in eager suspense, the return of their deputies. The pacific deportment and professions of Walimer being communicated to them, they retired, with their fears considerably allayed, to their houses.

Heralds were dispatched to all quarters to acquaint the people with the result of this conference, and to exhort them to observe a cautious and peaceable behaviour; punishments were denounced against any who should be detected in any riotous act, and all persons were enjoined to repair to the tribunal of the chief magistrate, and give what information they possessed relative to this transaction.

The ensuing night was passed by the prefect in receiving and comparing depositions of real or pretended witnesses. Macro was traced to his home. He was, by trade, an armourer, and lived with his family, in an obscure corner. His wounds were of no great moment, and the officers of justice found him at supper, in his hovel. He was hurried to the tribunal, followed by his wife and immediate kindred, who trembled for his safety.

As he was the author of this tumult, he could expect little mercy from his audience. Those whose relations or friends had fallen were deeply exasperated at him whose folly and rashness had given birth to the evil. Others, who reflected on future calamities, likely to flow from the same source, pursued him with the utmost rancour.

In spite of proclamations and menaces, curiosity and fear attracted great numbers to the hall of justice. Their panic stillness was succeeded by commotion and rage. The steps of Macro were accompanied by hootings and execrations, and they clamoured loudly for his punishment.

I was sensible of the danger that attended this unlawful meeting. I showed myself to the people from a balcony, and endeavoured to harangue them into moderation and patience. I pointed out the enormous evils which their turbulent concourse had already produced, and urged every topic likely to influence their fears, to induce them to disperse.

The effects of these remonstrances were partial and temporary. My promises that the culprits should not escape the most condign punishment, gratified their sanguinary appetites, and their murmurs were hushed.

The threats of torment extorted from Macro a confession of his offences. It seems that when he came

to the circus, he was intoxicated with wine, and had mistaken one entrance for another. In the confusion of his intellects, he neither listened to, nor understood the objections of the centinels, and he persisted in claiming a privilege which he regarded as justly his due. The consequences have been already related, and afford a memorable proof from what slight causes the most disastrous and extensive effects may flow.

Macro's offence was venial and slight; but it was considered that, even if he were innocent, his life was a necessary sacrifice. Neither the soldiers nor the people, whose judgments were always fettered by prejudice and passion, would consent to dismiss him in safety. Neither would they be satisfied by the infliction of a slight or tardy penalty. Macro, besides, was a depraved and worthless individual, whose life or death was, in the eyes of his judges, of the most trivial moment. Influenced by these considerations, the magistrates, with some reluctance, condemned Macro to have his arms and legs cut off, and afterwards to be beheaded on the spot where Botheric had fallen, and which was dyed with the blood of those who owed their untimely fate to his temerity.

This sentence was heard by the friends of the criminal with groans of despair, and by the rest of the audience, with shouts of applause. The criminal was loaded with chains, and led away to prison. Being aware that the fury of the people might betray them into some outrage, I addressed them anew from the balcony, and admonished them to retire.

Some symptoms of compliance appeared in part of the assembly, who began to separate. A multitude, however, crowded round Macro, as he came forth from the hall, and greeted him with insults and curses.

This unhappy man was not destitute of courage; but he was willing to avoid that lingering and dreadful death to which he was doomed. He was, besides, penetrated with indignation at the injustice of his sentence. He, therefore, retorted the curses that were heaped upon him, both because he conceived them to be unmerited, and because he wished to exasperate the mob to inflict a speedy death.

Those who followed him were the vilest of the vile; base, sanguinary and impetuous, delighting in tumult, prone to violence, and stimulated by revenge for those who had been stifled in the press, or slain by the tribunes. Macro had not gone many steps before the officers who guarded him were driven to a distance. The mob, enraged by his taunts, took the work of justice into their own hands, and Macro received from their pikes and clubs that death which he sought.

The magistrates were quickly informed of this event. They had been accustomed, on similar cases, to vindicate their authority by the aid of the soldiers. This expedient was now impracticable or hazardous, and they sat in powerless inactivity, consoling themselves with the hope that the popular indignation would be appeased by this victim.

Relieved from the dread of military execution, multitudes, though the night was somewhat advanced, resorted from the senate house, and hall of justice, to the circus. The kindred and friends of the dead hastened to ascertain their true condition, and to bestow upon them funeral rites.

The circus and its avenues quickly overflowed with inquisitive or anxious spectators. Innumerable torches were borne to and fro; women hung over the bodies of their husbands, fathers and sons, and filled the air with outcries and wailings; some explored the courts and

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passages, in search of those who were missing, while others, lifting corpses in their arms, bent homeward their steps, in tumultuous procession, and with far-heard laments.

Meanwhile, several witnesses informed the magistrates of the stone which had been thrown at Botheric, and at length the name, and character, and guilt of Eustace were detected. Eustace was justly regarded as the immediate author of this calamity. He was likewise a soldier, and his detection and punishment might be expected eminently to gratify the military. It would transfer, in some degree, the guilt of this sedition from the people to their own order.

Officers were quickly dispersed, throughout the city, in search of the fugitive. Eustace had seen his enemy fall. Momentary exultation was followed by terror, and he made haste to shroud himself from inquiry and suspicion in an obscure habitation near the port.

He had secured his passage in a barque, which designed to set sail, next morning, for Ptolemais, in Syria. He meant to go on board at the dawn of day, and hoped, meanwhile, to be unthought of and unknown.

It was peculiarly unfortunate for this wretch, that a mariner belonging to this vessel happened to be stationed at his elbow when the stone was thrown. The mariner had been present when Eustace had contracted for his passage with the master of the barque; hence arose his knowledge of Eustace. He was a way-farer; had been attracted, by a natural curiosity, to the circus; had gazed, with wandering eyes and beating heart, upon the tumult; and, in the fluctuations of the mob, had undesignedly been placed by the side of the assassin.

He had afterwards listened to the voice of the herald, summoning

before the magistrate all who possessed any knowledge of the author and circumstances of the insurrection. His timidity, the child of inexperience, deterred him from disclosing his knowledge, till he himself became, by a concurrence of events not necessary to be mentioned, the object of suspicion, and was dragged by public officers to the tribunal of the prefect. He then explained his knowledge of Eustace, and pointed him out as the only agent.

This tale, though insufficient to rescue the mariner from danger, occasioned diligent search to be made for Eustace. The master of the barque was acquainted with the past condition and present views of the soldier, and his evidence suggested to the magistrate the expedient of placing officers on board the vessel, who, if the assassin should not be previously detected, might seize him as he entered the ship, in pursuance of his contract with the captain.

This expedient was successful. Eustace ventured from his recess in the dusk of morning, proceeded unmolested to the port, and put himself on board the vessel, which was anchored at some distance from the quays. At the moment when he began to exult in his escape, he was seized, pinioned, and conducted, without delay, to the presence of the judge. The testimony of the mariner, and his own confession, extorted by the fear of torment, established his guilt. The prefect lost no time in informing Valimer and his tribunes of the measures which had been adopted; and offered to deliver Eustace into their hands, to be treated in what manner they thought proper. The offer was readily, though ungraciously accepted.

Eustace had been detained in the hall, the magistrate fearing that the same outrage would be perpetrated

by the people, on this criminal, if he were placed within their reach, of which Macro had already been the victim. A band of soldiers from the citadel received him at the door of the hall, and surrounding him with sullen visages and drawn swords, returned, in hostile array, to their quarters. The windows and galleries that overlooked their march, were filled with silent and astonished gazers.

The succeeding day passed in a state of general suspense. Men had leisure to ruminate upon the consequences that impended, and to wonder at the change that had so abruptly taken place in their condition. Fear and hope struggled in their bosoms. All customary occupations and pursuits were laid aside. Neighbours assembled to communicate to each other the story of what themselves had witnessed or endured, to recount their imminent danger in the press, and their hair-breadth escapes, to expatiate on the movements of the soldiery, and propagate their terrors of the future.

Upwards of three hundred citizens perished on this occasion. The cemeteries were opened, and funeral processions were every where seen. Though the streets were crowded, and the whole city was in motion, appearances exhibited a powerful contrast to the impetuosities and clamours of the preceding day. The pavements were beaten by numberless feet; but every movement was grave and slow. Discourse was busy, but was carried on in whispers, and, instead of horrid uproar, nothing but murmurs, indistinct and doubtful, assailed the ear. The very children partook of the general consternation and awe.

At noon-day, a messenger from the citadel demanded admission to the prefect, whom he acquainted with the intention of the soldiers to

celebrate, on the ensuing evening, and at the spot where they fell, the obsequies of Botheric and his officers. This intention, however hazardous or inconvenient to the city, could not be thwarted or changed. This ceremony was likely to exasperate the grief of the soldiers, all of whom would be present and partake in it. Some fatal impulse of indignation, some inauspicious rumour or groundless alarm, might unseasonably start into birth. The night would lend its cloak to purposes of cruelty, and, before a new day, the city might be wrapt in flames, and ten thousand victims might be offered to the shade of Botheric.

In this emergency the Senate were once more convened, and their counsel required. They deputed one of their members to the citadel, in order to gain from Walimer, a clear explanation of his purposes. This officer maintained a stately reserve and ambiguous silence. His demeanour plunged them deeper into uncertainty. Many put the blackest construction on his words, and forboded, that the coming night would be signalized by indiscriminate massacre and havoc.

How to avert this evil was a subject of fruitless deliberation. One measure was obviously prudent. The people were informed of the ceremony that was about to take place, were exhorted to stay in their houses, and assured, that nothing was intended by the soldiers, but honour to their chiefs. The danger of tumultuous concourse, or panic apprehensions, at such a time, was evident.

The Senators, however, were destitute of that confidence which they endeavoured to instil into the people. Some, at the approach of night, secretly withdrew from the city. The guards, posted at the gates, suffered all to pass without question or hindrance. Others,

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more irresolute, or less timorous, remained; but they armed their domestics, and closed their doors, or made preparation to fly or conceal themselves on the first alarm. Spies were directed to hover round the circus, or were posted on the turrets of the houses, to watch the first glimmering of torches, or the remotest sound of footsteps.

The people were sufficiently aware of the danger of crowding to a spectacle like this. The assurance of the magistrates suppressed all but nameless and indefinable terrors. They withdrew to their homes, when several trumpets from the ramparts announced, at the appointed hour, that the military procession was begun.

By various avenues which led to the circus, the army repaired thither, and forming a circle round the pile, on which the remains of the officers were laid, they silently beheld them consumed. Eustace was stabbed by the hands of Walimer; and many of the soldiers could not be restrained from pouring out their blood at this altar. The flames that ascended from this pile were seen to a great distance. It was watched, with unspeakable solicitude, by those that remained in the city. Those at a distance were left in uncertainty whether it was from a funeral pile, or indicated the commencement of a general conflagration.

The flame and the light attendant on it gradually disappeared. An interval of ominous repose succeeded. The troops peaceably returned to their quarters. Those only who dwelt in the streets through which their march lay, were conscious of their movements. The rest of the city was hushed in profound and uninterrupted repose.

Next day, the tumult of consternation and suspense somewhat subsided. Still, however, all classes were penetrated with dread. The

sentence of the prince was yet unknown. To what measures his indignation would hurry him, was a topic of foreboding.

In pursuance of the directions of the Senate, the prefect had dispatched, early in the morning, a messenger to *Mediolanum*. A faithful narrative of this transaction had been drawn up, in which the partial, abrupt, and unpremeditated nature of the tumult was copiously displayed. The messenger was charged to deliver this statement to Acilius, one of the Imperial ministers, of whom the prefect was a kinsman, and on whose good offices with the prince there was the utmost reason to rely.

The horsemen whom Walimer had sent upon the same errand, were better mounted, pursued their journey with more diligence, and had set out several hours sooner than the herald of the Senate. In fifteen days they arrived at the capital, and hastened to communicate their tidings to Rufinus, a minister who had long enjoyed the highest place in the Emperor's favour.

Rufinus and Botheric had contracted a political alliance, the purpose of which was, to secure to the former the civil administration, and to the latter the highest military authority in the empire. This unexpected catastrophe blasted the hopes of Rufinus. His efforts had been directed to remove and destroy all his competitors in favour, and to place the whole power of the state in the hands of himself and of his creatures. Theodosius regarded Botheric with singular and almost paternal affection. Rufinus had married the sister of the chief, and embarked his fortunes in the same cause.

The messengers had delivered their message to Rufinus in a secret audience; but his wife recognizing her countrymen, and the soldiers of her brother, took measures to ob-

tain from them the substance of their tidings. Her grief gave place to revenge, and she used the most powerful means to stimulate the zeal of her husband in what she deemed the cause of justice. Rufinus was sufficiently disposed to avenge the blood of her kinsman, in that of the rebellious city.

The monarch was sitting at a banquet when his minister rushed into his presence, and, with every symptom of grief, communicated the fatal news, that Botheric, his faithful soldier, the support of his throne, and the guardian of his children, had been murdered, with every circumstance of wanton cruelty, by the people of Thessalonica.

The Emperor, starting from his seat, expressed, at the same time, his incredulity and horror at this news. The former sentiment was overpowered by the arts of the minister, who produced the letter that had just been received, and the men who had brought it. The horsemen, on being interrogated, gave a minute, though exaggerated and fallacious picture of the tumult. The messengers were unacquainted with its true causes, and the most accurate statement which it was in their power to make, would have left the hearers in astonishment at the savage ferocity of the Thessalonians.

Incredulity at length gave place to rage. In the first transport of his fury he vowed to obliterate the offending city from the face of the earth. The cholerick temper of Theodosius was capable of transporting him to the wildest excesses. These excesses, when reason resumed its power, were beheld in their genuine deformity, and were productive of exquisite remorse. Rufinus, therefore, was eager to improve the opportunity, and before the paroxysm of passion should subside, to extort from him a sanguinary edict.

It was not possible, indeed, for malice to contrive an higher provo-

cation than this. There was little danger that his passion should subside, if it were not assailed by the lenient counsels and remonstrances of others. This, however, would certainly happen as soon as the disaster was publicly known, and was, therefore, to be prevented by dispatch.

Rufinus assumed the specious office of asswaging his master's resentment. He perceived the folly of demolishing towers, and walls, and habitations, on account of an offence committed by those who resided within them. It was just to punish the guilty people; but to slay them on the very stage of their crimes was all that equity demanded.

The punishment could not follow too soon upon the heel of the offence, and the soldiers of Botheric were the suitable ministers of vengeance. There was no danger that their hands would be tied up by scruples or commiseration. The death of the people was, indeed, claimed by the justice of the soldiers as well as of the prince, and should that justice be refused by the monarch, the troops would not fail, being in possession of fortifications and arms, to execute it of their own accord. The punishment could not be prevented, and if his sanction should be refused, their deed would constitute them rebels to his authority, and the fairest city in his empire would thus be torn from his possession.

These motives were artfully, tho' needlessly insinuated. The Emperor eagerly affixed his seal and his signature to the warrant which condemned the people of the most illustrious and populous of Roman cities to military execution.

Rufinus knew, that to the complete execution of this sentence, it was necessary that the preliminary measures should be secret. A knowledge of their fate would impel num-



duced to conceal his anger, or counterfeit forgiveness.

These opposite considerations were anxiously revolved by the prefect Malchus. He was unable to divest his mind wholly of inquietude and doubt. The acquiescence of the soldiers, in a sentence like this, was incredible. Macro and Eustace had not dipped their hands in the blood of Botheric and his retinue. Search was made for those who had been active in the bloody fray; but the evidence obtained was doubtful and contradictory, and the populace began to view their deportment as justified by necessity and self-defence. The officers were known by all to be, with regard to the crowd surrounding them, the first assailants.

The secret, if any secret existed, was repositied with Walimer. A careful observation of his conduct might detect the truth. For this purpose an interview was necessary. To invite him and his tribunes to a banquet was an obvious expedient to detect the truth, if his purposes were hostile, or to confirm his intentions, if they were amicable and pacific.

The senators and officers were therefore invited to a feast. Malchus selected the most sagacious of his servants, and directed them to treat the military followers in a cordial and bounteous manner, and to watch their looks and discourse. Some unguarded expression, it was thought, would escape them in the midst of their carousals, betraying their designs.

This scheme was partly frustrated by the precaution of Walimer, who at once testified his confidence in Malchus, and precluded the hazard of impetuosity or babbling in his soldiers, by coming to the palace of the prefect unattended except by his tribunes. The carousals were prolonged till midnight, and every

proof of a sincere reconciliation was given by the guests.

The next day was ushered in as a solemn and joyous festival. It happened that this day was sacred to Demetrius, the saint or tutelary genius of the city, and to whose divine influence the people fondly ascribed the clemency of Theodosius.

It was usual for centinels to be posted at the avenues of the hippodrome. This was a customary duty, and, to omit it on this occasion, would have bred suspicion. No alarm, therefore, was excited by the march, at noon-day, of a detachment from the citadel for this purpose.

On the preceding night, Malchus had imparted his doubts and apprehensions to some of the senators. A secret consultation had been held. No measures sufficiently conducive to their safety could be adopted. Whatever evil was meditated by the soldiers, it was impossible to avert or elude it. The towers and gates were in their hands. Circumspection or disguise, would avail nothing. If the danger had assumed any known form, suitable precautions could scarcely be discovered; but now, when all was uncertain and inscrutable, a frank and fearless deportment was most proper.

The presence of the senate and magistrates was necessary at the public shows. My mind was actuated by inexplicable fears, and I would willingly have forborne to attend; but reflection convinced me that my life was equally in the power of the soldiers, in the recesses of my palace, and in the courts of the citadel.

Noon arrived, thousands hurried to the hippodrome; the concourse was uncommonly large, as numbers from the neighbouring villages and districts flocked to the spectacle; all benches were quickly filled and

galleries crowded; I proceeded thither at the head of the senatorial order, and was received with low obeisance by the guards, and with loud acclamations by the people. The games only waited the arrival of the general and tribunes to begin.

His approach was quickly announced by the sound of military music. At that moment a civil officer, whose face was pale with affright, thrust himself amidst the crowd, and whispered something in the ear of a senator who sat near me. The senator was observed to start; and inquiry being made into the cause of his alarm, he replied, that Walimer was followed, not by the usual retinue, but by a formidable brigade, who surrounded the circus and seemed to meditate violence.

Walimer and his officers now entered and placed themselves on an elevated platform assigned for his use, and which was ascended by a narrow staircase. His entrance was greeted by grateful acclamations, and he was observed to bow his head in token of his satisfaction. In a moment after the trumpet, whose note was a signal for the chariots to start from their goal, was sounded.

Before the signal was obeyed, a dart, thrown by an unknown hand and with inconceivable force, struck the breast of a charioteer, who fell headlong from his seat. His horses were alarmed, and swerving from their true direction, threw all into disorder. This event was noticed by the people with amazement.

Their attention was speedily recalled from this object by troops of soldiers rushing through the various passages, and brandishing their swords. No time was allowed to question their purpose or elude it. They fell upon those who were nearest and hewed them to pieces.

Every avenue poured forth a des-

trouing band. Few, therefore, were allowed to be mere spectators of the danger. Every one witnessed the butchery of his neighbour, and shrunk from the swords, which, in a few moments, would be steeped in his own blood.

The multitude rose, with one consent, from their seats. The extent of the evil that threatened them was fully apprehended by none. They were far from imagining that this havoc was directed or sanctioned by the prince. They did not conceive that the soldiers had acted by the orders of Walimer; but that a conspiracy was formed against them by the military order was apparent.

Those who were near the station of Walimer, stretched their hands towards him in supplication, and uttered the most piercing cries of distress. His sullen and immovable air convinced them that he was an accomplice in their fate.

Some vainly flattered themselves that the sword would be weary of its task before it reached them. They sheltered themselves behind their neighbours, and in their eagerness to put themselves in the midst of the crowd, were bereaved of breath, or trampled under foot.

Those whose situation exposed them to the first assault, struggled to gain the passages. Such as escaped the edge of the sabre and passed into the square, were transfixed by darts. The soldiers were drawn up in firm array, and extending themselves on all sides, rendered escape impossible.

To expatiate on the scene that followed, and which did not terminate till midnight; to count up the victims, to describe the various circumstances of their death, is a task to which I am unequal. Language sinks under the enormity and complication of these ills. I was a witness and partaker; the images exist in my imagination as vividly as when they



bers to flight, and others, urged by despair, would rush into rebellion, and oppose force by force. There was likewise but one method in which justice could be fully executed. By assembling the whole body of the people in the circus, the task imposed on their assassins would be with more facility executed, and the theatre of their offences would be made, as justice required, the scene of their punishment.

With these views, the horsemen, a few hours after their arrival, set out on their return, with secret directions to Walimer, under the Emperor's own seal, to collect the people in the circus, under pretence of an equestrian exhibition, and slay them to a man.

The number of the people did not fall short of three hundred thousand. Rufinus laid claim to the praise of clemency, in withstanding the fury of his master, whose revenge reluctantly consented to spare one. The criminals were naturally supposed chiefly to consist of males of mature age, and justice was thought to be satisfied with the destruction of one third of this number. The circus usually contained between twenty and thirty thousand spectators.

These messengers were, likewise charged with letters to Julius Malchus, the prefect, in which he was informed, that the prince had received the tidings of what had lately happened. Much regret was expressed for the fate of Botheric, and the magistrate was charged to execute speedy and condign justice on the authors of the tumult. To show, however, that Theodosius confided in the zeal of the civil magistrates, that he discriminated between the innocent and guilty, and that, notwithstanding these outrages, he had not withdrawn his affection from this people, he authorized the magistrates to publish his forgiveness, and in testimony of his sincerity, to invite them to a splendid exhibition of the public games.

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A tedious interval elapsed between the departure and return of Walimer's messengers. This interval was big with anxiety and suspense. The popular disquiet and impatience increased as the day approached which was to decide their fate. Antioch, which three years before had committed a less atrocious offence, and which had escaped with the utmost difficulty, a sentence of extermination, was universally remembered, and was the parent of rueful prognostics.

The attention which regular pursuits and sober duties required, was swallowed up by this growing fear. Ears were open to nothing but rumours and conjectures, and the popular mind was alternately agonized with terror, and elated with hope. Sleep was harrassed with terrific dreams, and, in many, even the appetite for food was suspended by their mournful presages.

If there be any proportion between evils inflicted and suffered, the death of Botheric was *retributed*, a thousand fold, in a single day after its occurrence; but twenty-eight days elapsed, and each hour added to the weight of apprehension which oppressed the last.

The distance by land, and round the head of the Hadriatic, from Thessalonica to the Imperial residence, was eight hundred and seventy five miles. The journey, therefore, though pursued with little intermission, by means of post horses, and covered litters, could not be effected in less than fourteen days. One day would be consumed in deliberation, and an equal period of fourteen days would elapse, before letters could be received from Mediolanum by the public carriers.

The messengers, dispatched by Malchus, were outstripped, on expedition, by those of Walimer, and the Emperor's letters were delivered to the prefect one day sooner than was expected by him. He dreaded

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to unclothe the packet, perceiving, that the information received by the ministers had gone through the hands of the soldiers, by whom the truth would unavoidably be perverted. The Senate was convened, and the dispatches laid before them.

Intimations of this event reached the people. A Senatorial meeting, at an uncustomary hour, was prolific of conjecture and alarm. Multitudes hastened to the Senate house, and the members of that body forced their way, with difficulty, through the croud which besieged the entrances. The tumult and clamour became so great, that the prefect was obliged to postpone the opening of the packets till a Senator had exhorted the multitude to order and forbearance, and explained the purport of the meeting, promising to return as soon as the decision of the Emperor were known, and impart to them the tidings.

This assurance was followed by a general pause. Every murmur was hushed. Every eye was fixed, in anxious gaze, upon the door through which the Speaker had withdrawn from their sight, and at which he was momentarily expected to re-appear. The uproar of a troubled sea was succeeded by portentous calm, and the silence of death.

At length the magistrate came forth. The joy, indicated by his countenance, did not escape the general observation. Their hopes were elated, and exultation spoke forth from every mouth, as soon as the forgiveness and gracious condescension of the prince were made known. He was heard, distinctly, by few; but the rapturous exclamations of those conveyed the import of the speech to the most distant spectators.

The joyous tidings were diffused with unspeakable celerity. Pleasure was proportioned to the dread that had lately prevailed. Fire and the sword were ready to involve them

in a common ruin; but these evils were averted, and not only their pristine security returned, but their darling sports, with new embellishments, were to be renewed. The exhibitions of the circus were ordered to take place on the next day.

The streets resounded with mutual congratulations. Laughter and song, and dance, and feasting, and magnificent illuminations, and processions to the churches, to pour forth the praises of God and of Theodosius, the father of his people, and the darling of mankind, occupied the people during the succeeding night.

The Senators, after the first emotions of their joy had subsided, began to look upon this circumstance with eyes of some suspicion. The choleric and impetuous temper of Theodosius was well known. A much more trivial offence, in the inhabitants of Antioch, had excited his wrath, and prompted him to decree the destruction of the guilty city.

The crime of Thessalonica had been reported by the soldiers. No deprecation had been used. The cause of the tumult and the punishment of its authors, were unknown at the time when Walimer dismissed his messengers. Time for the interposition of beneficent counsellors, or for rage to be displaced by equanimity, had not been allowed.

It was, indeed, remembered that Antioch had fewer claims upon the affection of Theodosius, that the dictates of his hasty indignation, with regard to that city, had been to himself a topic of humiliation and regret, and that he might now be guarded against the impulse of choler. It was likewise known that the genuine intentions of the monarch had not, at any time, been concealed from the Antiochians; and no motives could be imagined by which the prince might be in-

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was to be gathered from conversation and personal inquiry. Dr. Barton appears to have spared no pains to procure the most authentic information from these sources as well as from books, and his success has corresponded with his efforts.

Much of the work consists of preliminary, but necessary matter. A sketch is given of the territorial distribution of the Indian tribes, as far as this could be collected from authentic monuments. Quotations and statements are introduced displaying the various opinions that have been entertained on the origin of the Americans. The argument in favour of their Asiatic origin, flowing from the uniform tradition of the Indian nations, that their fore-fathers came from the westward, is stated with great ingenuity, and with suitable limitations. The sources whence his vocabulary is drawn, and the laws which he has observed in assigning sounds to characters, are clearly and satisfactorily exhibited. These matters are merely preparatory to a set of tables, in which some words of the American and Tartarian languages are set in contrast with each other.

This catalogue comprehends the names of parts of the human body, of God, the soul, and the most common objects and operations of nature. No pains seem to have been spared to make this catalogue accurate and extensive; and, as far as it goes, it seems a suitable foundation for the theory which the writer has erected on it. His opinion is, that all the natives of America, except the Esquimaux, are nearly akin to the natives of Siberia. This is the point which he thinks established by the similarity of their dialects, and which only, he is solicitous to prove. The question naturally arises, whether the former was colonized by the latter, or the latter by the former? Dr. Barton decides with caution, and

deems it most probable that Asia was first peopled.

On the whole, this essay is a favourable specimen of industry and learning; and the student of American antiquities will wait with impatience for the farther illustrations of the ancient state of our country, which the Doctor is preparing for the press. C. B.

#### ART. VI.

DESCRIPTION of the Settlement of the GENESEE COUNTRY, in the State of New-York. In a series of Letters from a Gentleman to his Friend. 8vo. pp. 63. 50 Cents. New-York. T. and J. Swords. 1799.

TO those who have just and enlarged views of human happiness, no spectacle can be imagined more pleasing, than a country rapidly emerging from the savage condition of nature, to a state of civilization and refinement. The mind expands with the purest and most sublime emotions of wonder and delight, at the survey of progressive and unlimited improvement, of those prodigious changes in the aspect of an extensive country, produced, in a few years, by the hand of hardy and persevering industry. The quick transition from the solitude and gloom of boundless forests, the haunts of ferocity and indolence, to cultivated fields and cheerful habitations, the abodes of comfort and tranquillity, has somewhat the effect of enchantment.

Scenes of this nature are every where exhibited in the different parts of our country; but none, perhaps, can be found more deserving of notice than those presented by the settlements of the north-western parts of the State of New-York. That portion of our

State, distinguished by the name of the **GENESEE COUNTRY**, possessing a fertile soil, a salubrious climate, and happily situated for inland navigation, and easy communication with the atlantic towns, affords an uncommon instance of rapid population and improvement.

To give an account of the settlement, present state, and natural advantages of this district of country, is the design of the letters here submitted to the public. The respectable character of the writer,\* his residence in the country described, his intimate acquaintance with every circumstance relative to its settlement and condition, are powerful recommendations to the reader, for the fidelity and accuracy of his description, which is written in a style simple, perspicuous, and correct.

In the year 1789, Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham purchased of the State of New-York and the Seneca Indians, their right to that part of the country which is included between a meridian line, drawn from the eighty-second mile-stone on the Pennsylvania line, and the Genesee River; and extending on the northernmost part, twelve miles west of that river; comprehending a tract forty-five miles from west to east, and eighty-four miles from north to south, containing about 2,200,000 acres of land.—In 1790, all that part of the State lying west of the above-mentioned line, to Lake Ontario, including the Genesee Country, was erected into a county, by the name of Ontario.—It is bounded on the north by Lake Ontario, on the west by Niagara River and Lake Erie, on the south by Pennsylvania, and on the east by the counties of Tioga and Onondago.

The distance of the Genesee from Albany, New-York, Philadelphia,

and Baltimore, is from one hundred and eighty, to two hundred miles; and from the city of Washington about two hundred and sixty-five miles. An attempt was made, in 1789, by Mr. Phelps, to effect a settlement in the Genesee Country; but little was done until the year 1792, when a gentleman in England, having become the purchaser of the tract, visited it in person, and projected a plan of settlement, which has been prosecuted with vigour and success from that time to the present.

In 1796, the town of Bath, comprehending a district of eight miles, contained eight hundred inhabitants, two schools, one grist-mill, and two saw-mills. Other places had progressed in a similar manner.—In the same year a printing-office was established in the town of Bath, and a newspaper, entitled, "*The Bath Gazette*," published weekly, which, in six months, was taken by one thousand subscribers. Another paper is also printed in the Genesee, entitled, "*The Ontario Gazette*." The same year a sloop of forty tons was built and launched on the Genesee Lake.

After this brief sketch of the origin and progress of this settlement, we present the following description of the town and bay of Sodus, as a specimen of the writer's style and manner.

"This place is situated on a bay of the same name, which is well known as the best harbour on the south side of Lake Ontario. Few or none, even on the sea coast, exceed it for spaciousness and beauty. The extent of the bay, from north to south, is about six or seven miles, and from east to west, from two to four miles. The grounds around the bay rise considerably high, and the entrance is not above half a mile over. So completely is it protected from the wind, that when the lake is agitated with a storm, the bay may be passed safely in a canoe. Vessels may anchor near the town

\* Charles Williamson, Esq.



were presented to my senses; my blood is still chilled, my dreams are still agonized by dire remembrance; but my eloquence is too feeble to impart to others the conceptions of my own mind.

The woes of my country are not past. Hundreds who escaped the bounds of this devoted city, are, like me, in the full fruition of melancholy or despair. The images of wife and offspring, of friends and neighbours, mangled by the sword, or perishing by lingering torments, pursue them to their retreats, and deny them a momentary respite. Some have lost their terror only by the extinction of their reason; and the phantoms of the past have disappeared in the confusion of insanity. Others, whose heroic or fortunate efforts set them beyond the reach of the soldiers, were no sooner at li-

berty to review the past, and contemplate their condition, than they inflicted on themselves that death which had been, with so much difficulty avoided, when menaced by others. Their misery was too abrupt, and too enormous, to be forgotten or endured.

I envy the lot of such, but it will quickly be my lot. The period of forgetfulness, or of tranquil existence in another scene, is hastening to console me. Meanwhile, my task shall be, to deliver to you, and to posterity, a faithful narrative. The horrors of this scene are only portions of the evil that has overspread the Roman world, which has been inflicted by the cavalry of Scythia, and which will end only in the destruction of the empire, and the return of the human species to their original barbarity.

## American Review.

### ART. V.

*NEW VIEWS of the Origin of the Tribes and Nations of America.* By Benjamin Smith Barton, M. D. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 274. Philadelphia. Printed for the Author by John Bioren. 1798.

THE purpose of this work is to investigate the affinity between the nations of the eastern and western portions of our globe. The obvious proceeding of searching the historical records and monuments of mankind, is impracticable in this case. The human race is multiplied greatly, and diffused extensively before that period arrives when the transactions of a nation are made the subjects of written narratives.

This question is difficult and doubtful, in different degrees, to

different persons. Those who credit the writings of Moses, are not only persuaded that mankind arose from a single pair, but can even point out the period of their origin, and the district which the primitive man inhabited. With these, there is no doubt but that the birth-place and cradle of the human species was Asia; and that the inhabitants of the rest of the world are descended from those who gradually dispersed themselves from this centre.

Those who lay the authority of the Hebrew scriptures out of view, will still admit that all mankind are sprung from one pair; because this is consistent with that maxim in reasoning which requires us to assign effects to as few causes as possible, and to be contented with that cause which is sufficient to produce

the effect. The time and place at which they began to exist, in the view of such, is more doubtful, as well as the progress of migration from one quarter to another.

Since the discovery of America, much speculation has arisen with regard to the origin of its inhabitants. This region being found to be severed by water from the eastern continent, many conjectures have been formed as to the point at which the inhabitants of one region passed over to the other.

There being traces of many convulsions and changes on the surface of our globe, occasioned by internal fire, some have removed the difficulty by supposing that, at some former period, the two continents were joined, and that the emigration took place over that space which, though now water, was then land. Some have maintained that this junction existed between Brazil and Negroland, these being the southern points of each continent which approach nearest each other. Others have imagined that they were conjoined at the northern extremity, the intervening gulphs, both on the eastern and western sides, being there very inconsiderable.

Both these suppositions, though plausible, are needless, since experience shows that enterprize and accident lead men, even in a savage state, across gulphs even wider than those which flow between Siberia and the north-eastern angle of America, and between Africa and Brazil. The former, however, being narrower than the latter, most reasoners have concurred in selecting this as the road.

Mankind, in proportion as they approach to a common stock, are distinguished by various affinities and resemblances. That race of men in the old world, which bears the greatest and most numerous resemblances to the nations of Ame-

rica, must be supposed to approach nearest to the common stock. These resemblances consist either in the person, manners, or language; and if, in these respects, a stronger resemblance is discerned between the Siberians and Americans than between any other races of men, the conjecture which physical appearances produced, has received the utmost confirmation of which the nature of the thing is susceptible.

Dr. Barton, eminently distinguished for his skill in natural history, has been prompted, during several years, to bestow attention on this subject. His sagacity easily discovered that in investigating the affinity of nations, the circumstance of most importance, was their language. External form, political systems, and religious modes, and even traditionary tales, are not of trivial moment; but that on which the most rational conclusions must be built, is language.

As this is the most useful, it is likewise the most laborious and unostentatious path. This writer has walked in it with the most cautious footsteps, and his work must be allowed to exhibit uncommon proofs of learning, industry, ingenuity, and candour.

To collect words from the Indian and Tartarian languages, in considerable numbers, was a most arduous undertaking. The printed vocabularies of these tongues are rare, scanty, and of difficult access. Different sounds are annexed by the compilers of different nations to the same characters. To reduce them to a common standard, was a work demanding great attention, but was indispensable, and has been, with considerable success, performed.

The great collections of Pallas, and the labours of some others, have afforded good materials for the catalogue here formed of the Tartar dialects; but, with respect to the Indian tongues, much information



In twenty-five fathom water, on a sandy bottom, and in many places a vessel of fifty tons might lay afloat near enough the shore to land on a plank. In this bay there are several islands,\* covered with timber, which, with the head lands stretching into the bay, afford picturesque views from the town, scarcely to be equalled. The town stands on a rising ground, on the west point of the bay, having the lake on the north, to appearance boundless as the ocean, and the bay to the east, romantically intersected with islands, and parts of the main land stretching into it. The first view of this place, after passing through a timbered country twenty-eight miles, strikes the eye of the beholder as one of the most magnificent landscapes human fancy can picture, and the beauty of the scene is not unfrequently heightened by the appearance of large vessels navigating the lake. At the sight of these immense bodies of water, the mind of a reflecting man must be struck with admiration. With only the interception of the portage of nine miles at Niagara Falls, they may be navigated to the westward at least two thousand miles, and at one place the portage between Lake Michigan and the navigable waters of the Illinois, does not exceed half a mile. I was at Sodus some time ago, when a boat, with a number of families on board, put into the bay: they appeared to be French. Being questioned as to their business, they said they were bound for the Spanish settlements on the Illinois River: some of them had been there the year before, and stated, that, excepting the Falls of Niagara, they had only a carrying-place of half a mile from Lake Michigan to a branch of the Illinois River. They said they had still one thousand five hundred miles to sail. What an extensive navigation!

"You will find the Genesee Country abounding with situations both valuable to the farmer and amusing to the gentleman and man of leisure: but amongst the variety it affords, they must all yield to Sodus: for fishing, fowling, sailing, or hunting, this latter place stands unrivalled; and perhaps no place in America can equal it. Fish of various kinds, many of them from the ocean, can be

had at pleasure; and a species of soft-shelled green turtle† may be procured in plenty, little inferior to the green turtle brought from the West-Indies. In the spring and fall, all sorts of water-fowl are innumerable in the bay. In the adjacent woods are abundance of deer: they may be easily drove by dogs into the bay, and the chase is continued by water, greatly to the amusement of those who are fond of such sports. Strangers going to Sodus, will now find good accommodation, in a house built for the purpose; and they will find handsome sail-boats, and every apparatus necessary to accommodate the sportsman in pursuit of his amusement.

"The lands about Sodus are a black sandy loam, very deep; a soil not very common in this country, but of an excellent quality for every species of cultivation: it affords the finest gardens.‡"

In 1797, and 1798, the population of the Genesee was greatly augmented: in the last year near 3000 persons visited the counties of Ontario and Steuben, in the space of six weeks, for the purpose of fixing settlements for their families in the spring. New roads were opened and improved; weekly markets established at Bath, Canandaquai and Geneva, plentifully supplied with meats of all kinds; many boats and vessels were built on the lakes and rivers, useful manufactories commenced; and every thing announcing a flourishing settlement.

"You will find," says the author in his third letter, "that the climate of the Genesee Country not only forms a very interesting part of its advantages, but also of its natural history: those parching heats that, on the south side of the Alleghany Mountains, seem to dry up every particle of nourishment from the plants, are never known in this country: in almost every instance a hot day is succeeded by a plentiful shower, which preserves, throughout the summer, a constant verdure, and affords to us the finest pastures and meadows on the continent:

\* Some of these islands contain fifty acres, all of very fine soil: they produce vegetables in great abundance, particularly onions."

† This species of turtle weighs above 20lb."

‡ It is very common to see onions in gardens at Sodus from fourteen to fifteen inches in circumference; and from the seed not sown above four months."

the nights are proportionately cool, and a traveller from the sea coast is surprized to find, in the dog-days, a couple of blankets a comfortable covering. Late frosts in the spring, and early ones in the fall, are uncommon, and there is scarcely an instance of the fruit or corn suffering by them. The peach-trees, the great test of a climate free from severe and late spring frosts, come to great perfection; in one orchard, at an old Indian town near Geneva, the occupier of the farm fold, last year, to a neighbouring distillery, one hundred bushels of peaches.

"In the winters of 1796 and 1797, two gentlemen kept regular diaries of the weather, the one at Bath, in Steuben county, the other at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania: the result was, that at Lancaster the cold was greater than at Bath, from eleven to thirteen degrees during the winter; but the spring commenced ten days later. If more proof was necessary to establish this important fact, viz. the moderation of the climate, it might be stated, that the settlers have, in many parts of the country, been in the custom of turning into the woods part of their cattle before winter, at a distance from their farms, and they have been found, in every instance, in good order, and with less loss than might be expected from the same number of cattle if kept about the houses. The frosts have never been so severe as to stop the operation of the mills, provided very trifling precaution is used. So remarkable was this circumstance in 1797, that a number of sleds came from Pennsylvania to the Bath mills, a distance of seventy miles. Except in shallow places, the lakes never freeze; and the navigation of the Seneca Lake has not been impeded since the settlement of the country. This will appear the more remarkable, when, frequently within that period, the North River has been frozen at New-York, the Delaware forty miles below Philadelphia, and the Chesapeake Bay as low as Annapolis. All this is owing to the relative situation of the Genesee Country. The country is bounded on the north and west by great bodies of water, which do not freeze, and in this direction there is not one mountain. The northerly and westerly winds, which scourge the coast of America, by blowing over the Alleghany Mountains late in the spring and early in the fall, covered with snow, are tempered by passing over these waters; and these mountains to the south

of us do, at the same time, prevent the destructive effects of the southerly breeze in winter, which, by suddenly thawing the frozen wheat-fields, destroys thousands of bushels. While the Lakes and Alleghany Mountains are in existence, so long will the inhabitants of the Genesee Country be blessed with their present temperate climate."

As to the soil and face of the country, this writer observes, that

"It has very erroneously been supposed, that the face of the Genesee Country was flat and level, full of swamps and stagnant waters; but, in fact, the direct contrary is the case. The face of the country from Geneva to the Genesee River, appears to be a succession of gentle swellings of land, running most frequently from north to south; and the intermediate spaces afford considerable bottom or meadow land, and generally a small stream of water. This furnishes the best situations imaginable for farms, there being a due proportion of high land and meadow. The upland, as it is termed, is timbered chiefly with hickory, oak, and walnut; and the interval with elm, bass-wood, sugar-tree, &c. The stone found on these ridges mostly inclines to lime-stone, which is a certain indication of the best land for every species of grain. The openings, or large tracts of land, found frequently in this country free of timber, and showing great signs of having been once in a state of cultivation, are singularly curious.

"This sort of land, from the ignorance of the first settlers in regard to its quality, was supposed to be barren, and was therefore little valued: necessity, however, obliged some to attempt the cultivation of it, and they were agreeably disappointed on finding they had got a good crop; and, in numberless instances, they have continued to reap plentiful crops every year for seven years past. This kind of land, which, six years ago, would not have sold for a quarter of a dollar an acre, is now reckoned cheap at ten dollars an acre.

"It is difficult to account for these openings, or for the open flats on the Genesee River, where ten thousand acres may be found in one body, not even encumbered with a bush, but covered with grass of such height, that the largest bullocks, at thirty feet from the path, will be completely hid from the view. Through all this country there are not

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only signs of extensive cultivation having been made at some early period, but there are found the remains of old forts, where the ditches and gates are still visible. They appear to be, in general, well chosen for defence. From the circumstance of swords being found in them with French inscriptions, it is concluded they are of French origin. I do not recollect that the French had ever so great a force in this part of America, at so early a period; for these forts, from very large decayed timbers lying in them, and large timber growing over those fallen down, must be at least two hundred years old: the forts are, besides, too numerous for mere stations; and great collections of human bodies are found in them, which shows they have been occupied for many years. An accurate examination of this country, by men of observation and science, might throw light on the history of this part of America, now so little known.

"The soil of the country has, in every instance, proved favourable to the raising of grain: the long and moderate summers seem particularly adapted to bring to perfection wheat, barley, and oats; the two last, so inferior on the coast to the English, are here of a quality equally as good. The crops of timothy and clover hay are superior to most in America, and have been known to produce from three to four tons per acre, of excellent, well dried hay."\*

The following facts, in some degree, show the spirit of enterprize among the settlers:

"Some years ago the high price of flour and lumber at Baltimore, induced a Mr. Kryder, a farmer on the Juniata River, to try an experiment in the mode of transporting flour from his mills to Baltimore: he built a sort of boat, which he called an *Ark*; it was long and flat, and constructed of very large timber, such as he supposed would suit the purpose of builders. This vessel, or float, carried three hundred barrels of flour. This man had the courage to push through a navigation then unknown, and arrived safe at Baltimore, where he received from the merchants a premium of one dollar above the market price for every barrel. Thus encouraged, the same

person has been down every year since, and has made so considerable improvement on this sort of boat, that *arks* are now used which carry five hundred barrels."

A Mr. Bartles also carried down the Susquehannah to Baltimore, a raft of one hundred thousand feet of lumber.

"The Genesee River," this writer describes as "navigable for floops of sixty tons, from the lake to the falls, a distance of six miles. These falls, which are formed by a continuance of the same ridge that forms the falls of Niagara, are a succession of four distinct falls within the space of one mile; the highest is ninety feet, but, with the rapids above, the total height is three hundred feet. These falls, for beauty, are not inferior to those of Niagara. A carrying-place is made on the west side of the river, and it has already considerable employment. Immediately above the falls the river is navigable for large boats, and continues so for twenty-five miles above Williamsburgh, where it is again interrupted. At the village of Williamsburgh the Canascraga Creek joins the Genesee River: this creek affords good navigation for near twenty miles, to Danville, a settlement in the north-west corner of Steuben county, only nine miles from the navigable waters on the Canisteo River.—The quantity of provisions and distilled liquor sent from the mouth of the Genesee River is very considerable. Last summer a small vessel was kept in constant employment in this business."

The following directions are given to those who design to visit the Falls of Niagara.

"Should curiosity induce you to visit the Falls of Niagara, you will proceed from Geneva, by the State Road, to the Genesee River, which you will cross at New-Hartford, west of which you will find the country settled for about twelve miles; but after that, for sixty-five miles, to Niagara River, the country still remains a wilderness. This road was used so much last year by people on business, or by those whom curiosity had led to visit the Falls of Niagara, that a station was fixed at the Big Plains to shelter

\* "This season a field of twenty acres was averaged at Bath, and found to bear of good hay three tons 8cwt. 46lb per acre. In many places the red clover was four feet seven inches long."

travellers. At this place there are two roads that lead to Niagara River; the fourth road goes by Buffalo Creek, the other by Tanawandoe Village to Queen's Town Landing. The road by Buffalo Creek is most used, both because it is better and because it commands a view of Lake Erie; and the road from this to the falls is along the banks of Niagara River, a very interesting ride. The river is in no place less than a mile over, and the picture is enlivened by a variety of landscapes. Niagara River is the only outlet of Lake Superior, and all those immense lakes that afford, from the falls, an uninterrupted navigation of near two thousand miles to the westward. As you approach Chippaway, a military station two miles above the falls, the rapidity of the river increases, bounding to a great height where it meets with resistance from the inequality of the surface; and this vast body of water at last rushes over a precipice of one hundred and seventy feet. The falls can be viewed from several different places; but they are seen to most advantage below. You can, with safety, approach the very edge of the fall, and may even go some distance between the sheet of falling water and the precipice; but this experiment requires caution: the footing is unequal and slippery; and blasts of condensed air rush out with such violence as to deprive you, for some moments, of the power of breathing. From the falls to Queen's Town, the nearest place to which shipping approach the falls, the river is confined within a chafin in the rocks, one hundred and fifty feet deep, and to all appearance cut out by the force of the water. Queen's Town is a neat village, and has all the appearance of a sea-port; it is not uncommon to see at that place several brigs of one hundred tons burden, and many smaller vessels."

Two neat maps of the counties of Ontario and Steuben, and of the "Middle States," and a handsome view of Fort Oswego, on the shore of the Lake Ontario, are prefixed. Subjoined is a table of the distances and principal inns on the post road from Albany to Niagara. H.

#### ART. VII.

MEMOIRS of Major-Gen. HEATH,  
containing Anecdotes, Details of

*Skirmishes, Battles, and other Military Events, during the American War.* Written by himself. pp. 388. 8vo. Thomas & Andrews. Boston. 1798.

THE work here presented to the public is written by one who sustained the important character of Major-General in the American army, from the commencement to the termination of the late revolutionary war.

From a person of such rank, and who was an eye-witness of many of the transactions of that memorable period, the reader will, doubtless, expect many new and interesting details, many curious and instructive anecdotes, and many pleasing illustrations of that portion of the history of our country. He will not, however, have proceeded far in the barren tract of this writer, before he discovers how delusive are such expectations. In vain will he look for the purity, correctness and precision, the modesty and dignity, the unaffected ease and elegance, he has often admired in the productions of Cæsar and of Sully.

The volume before us contains no well digested narrative, no regular concatenation of causes and effects, no just delineation of character, no striking descriptions; is enriched with no felicities of expression and remark; but is a meagre journal, a dry gazette account of facts, often trivial and unimportant, arranged in exact chronological order, from day to day, from June, 1775, to December, 1793.

The author, indeed, seems aware of the essential defects in the plan and execution of his work; for he observes, in his introduction, that, "to preserve and perpetuate a daily journal of occurrences, through nearly the whole of the late war, is the present object" of these memoirs: "and although his pages are not decorated with the flowers



of Greece and Rome; and, for their diction, cannot claim the patronage of the learned, they contain a state of facts, in detail, which may not be displeasing to posterity."—That the work was originally destined, by the author, for the instruction and amusement of future ages, we are informed by his advertisement—"That it was not the intention to publish these memoirs during the life-time of the writer. They were penned for *his own review*, and the information and satisfaction of his own family as well as posterity. The pressing importance of very many is the sole reason of their appearing at this time."

How far the advice of the author's friends was discreet, or whether the present or a future generation will regard these memoirs with the same complacency and satisfaction as the writer or his friends, we presume not to determine.

Whether the facts told are stated with the absolute veracity requisite in an historian, we leave it to others, better acquainted with the subject and its incidents, to decide.

The author has availed himself of the privilege of a writer of his own memoirs, and has lost no opportunity to exhibit himself as the most prominent and distinguished figure in the group. Our limits do not permit us to make many extracts: but we claim the indulgence of our readers in selecting one or two passages, as specimens of our author's style and manner. The first relates to the origin of our author, and is taken from the first page of his memoirs.

"Major-General William Heath descended from an ancient family in Roxbury, near Boston, in Massachusetts, and is of the fifth generation of the family who have inherited the same real estate, (taken up in a state of nature) not large, but fertile, and pleasantly situated. He was born March 2d, (old stile) 1737,

was brought up a farmer, of which profession he is yet passionately fond. He is of middling stature, light complexion, very corpulent, and bald-headed, which led the French officers who served in America very frequently to compare him to the Marquis of Granby.\* From his childhood he was remarkably fond of military exercises, which passion grew up with him, and, as he arrived at years of maturity, led him to procure, and attentively to study, every military treatise in the English language which was obtainable. This, with a strong memory, rendered him fully acquainted with the *theory* of war, in all its branches and duties, from the private soldier to the commander in chief."

In 1765 Mr. Heath went to Boston, where he was chosen Lieutenant, and afterwards a Captain, in the "ancient and honourable artillery company."

Not long after this promotion, "our Captain" was elected a Colonel of the first regiment of militia in Suffolk: and, by a resolve of Congress, in June, 1775, "our Colonel" was appointed a Major-General.

The first shedding of blood by the British is thus described by "our General."

"On the 19th, at day-break, our General was awoke, called from his bed, and informed that a detachment of the British army were out; that they had crossed from Boston to Phipps' farm in boats, and had gone towards Concord, as was supposed, with intent to destroy the public stores. They probably had notice that the committees had met, the preceding day, at Wetherby's tavern, at Menotomy; for, when they came opposite the house, they halted. Several of the gentlemen slept there during the night. Among them were Col. Orne, Col. Lee, and Mr. Gerry. One of them awoke, and informed the others that a body of the British were before the house. They immediately made their escape, without time to dress themselves, at the back door, receiving some injury from obstacles in the way, in their undressed state. They made their way into the fields. The country was immediately alarmed, and the minute-men and mi-

\* "Chastellux's Travels."

litia turned out with great spirit. Near Lexington meeting-house the British found the militia of that town drawn up by the road. Towards these they advanced, ordered them to disperse, huzzaed, and fired upon them; when several were killed and wounded, and the rest dispersed. This was the first shedding of blood in the American war."

The "delicate and important" charge of the captured army of General Burgoyne was confided to "our General." The following will show his spirit on that occasion, and, perhaps, be amusing as an anecdote.

"November 8th.—Our General sent one of his aids to accompany General Burgoyne and the other officers into Boston, by the way of Roxbury: they arrived some time before dinner, as was intended, that business might be considered. The parole was shewn to them, and the articles for their government in quarters, with which they were well pleased. But here a discovery was first made of something which they wished to retain while in our country, and which our General would never, for a moment, allow. Gen. Phillips, turning to our General, observed, 'Sir, you well know the disposition of soldiers, and that they will, more or less, in all armies, commit some disorders: suppose you should delegate to Gen. Burgoyne the power of seeing your orders executed.' Our General replied, that he knew the disposition of soldiers, and also the necessity of order and discipline; that he was not only willing, but expected that Gen. Burgoyne, and every other officer, would exert themselves to keep order; that, for this purpose, among themselves, and for internal order and obedience, he might command and punish as might appear to be necessary; but in no case to attempt capital punishment. But as to the exercise of his own command, and enforcement of his own orders when necessary, was a jurisdiction which Gen. Burgoyne must not expect to exercise while here. Gen. Burgoyne smiled, and Gen. Phillips turned it off by saying, 'I only meant it for your easement, Sir.'

"Before dinner was done, so great was the curiosity of the citizens of both sexes, and of all ages and descriptions, to get a peep at Gen. Burgoyne, that the streets were filled, the doors, windows, the tops of the houses and fences crowded. Gen.

Burgoyne had asked our General if he would indulge him to go out of town by the way of Charlestown, which was instantly granted. When he was ready to depart, our General told him that he should accompany him to the ferry; and a procession was formed, the American gentlemen mixing with the British. The streets were so crowded that it was difficult getting along; but not a word or a gesture that was disrespectful. When arrived opposite to the Province-House, Gen. Burgoyne turned round to the other Generals, and observed, 'There is the former residence of the Governor;' when some person on the side of the street, and in a tone fully to be heard, added, 'and on the other side is the riding-school;' alluding to the Old South Meeting-house having been put to that use in 1775: but the General, who must have heard it, made no reply, but soon after observed, 'Sir, I am astonished at the civility of your people; for were you walking the streets of London, in my situation, you would not escape insult.' When arrived at the ferry-ways, the crowd were down to the water's edge; but when the boat put off, there was not the least indecency or wry countenance discovered. —O my dear countrymen! how did this, your dignified conduct, at that moment, charm my very soul! Such conduct flows from a greatness of mind that goes to conquer a world." N.

#### ART. VIII.

*The AMERICAN GAZETTEER, exhibiting, in alphabetical Order, a much more full and accurate Account than has been given of the States, Provinces, Counties, Cities, Towns, Villages, Rivers, Bays, Harbours, Gulfs, Sounds, Capes, Mountains, Forts, Indian Tribes, and new Discoveries, on the American Continent, also of the West-India Islands, and other Islands appendant to the Continent, and those newly discovered in the Pacific Ocean, &c. &c. By Jedidiah Morse, D. D. Author of the American Universal Geography, &c. &c. Illustrated with seven new and neat Maps, large 8vo. Hall, Thomas*



and Andrews, Larkin, &c. &c.  
Boston. 1797.

**A** WORK of the kind now before us has long been desired by the people of America, and by foreigners who sought for information of the geographical position, relation, extent and situation of the different parts of the American continent. No person could have been found better qualified for the task of such a compilation than the author of the "American Universal Geography," whose laborious diligence, and laudable perseverance in this branch of science are well known, and deservedly commended by the inhabitants of both hemispheres.

The design of the present work had long been contemplated by the author, but ill health, professional duties, and other and more urgent avocations, had hitherto retarded its completion. This delay, affording more time to Dr. Morse to collect, arrange, and examine his materials, has, doubtless, been favourable to the present publication.

The plan of the work is comprehensive and judicious. It may be regarded, in a great degree, as a copious and well-formed abstract of the "American Geography;" and, from its alphabetical arrangement, more convenient and useful for frequent and occasional reference. Readers of every class and description will find in it a valuable compendium of that branch of knowledge which ought to be familiar to all, and which, as it respects our own country, not to possess, betrays a culpable negligence, or indifference.

Some new articles of information are contained in the *Gazetteer*, which are not to be found in the last edition of the *Geography*. All the articles are more full and interesting than is usual in publications of this kind.—Some errors will escape the most vigilant and best in-

formed, and they are peculiarly incident to works of this nature, in which perfect accuracy is scarcely attainable, and ought not to be expected. These are rendered more unavoidable, from the very frequent changes which are almost daily taking place, in the subordinate territorial divisions and denominations of places, and numerous local circumstances, peculiar to a new, progressive and extensive country.—Some mistakes are noticed in the "ERRATA," and others will, doubtless, be corrected in a second edition, which, we trust, will be shortly demanded by the public.

Dr. Morse, in his preface, points out the various and ample sources from whence he has drawn his information; and added some necessary explanations of names which frequently occur.—An useful table of post-offices, and post roads, with the distances of places, is added.

Subjoined is an Appendix, containing, "A Summary Statement of the Claims of the State of Georgia, and of the United States, to the "GEORGIA WESTERN TERRITORY," which, we believe, is a clear and impartial view of the principal facts and arguments, on a subject highly interesting and important to a numerous portion of our citizens.

The maps which accompany the volume, though few in number, are neatly executed.

The well-known character of Dr. Morse, as a faithful and judicious compiler, and a sensible well-informed and correct writer—and the general utility and importance of the present publication, render unnecessary any particular recommendation of its merits to the notice of the American reader. J.

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ART. IX.

*The DUTY of EXECUTORS and ADMINISTRATORS. By the Hon.*

John Faucheraud Grimké, *one of the Associate Judges of the State of South Carolina.* New-York. T. and J. Swords. 1797.

A FULL, clear, and comprehensive treatise on that branch of our laws which relates to the office and duty of executors and administrators, must be highly useful to all who are called upon to discharge those important trusts, and, we believe, has long been wished for by gentlemen of the profession. The volume here offered to our readers, though it may not be regarded as exhibiting a very scientific and luminous display of the subject, yet, from the copious digest of the law, and the practical directions which it contains, will be very acceptable to all who are interested to acquire a knowledge of this portion of our laws. The preface points out the necessity of such a publication, and the laudable motives which induced the author to undertake the present work. We concur in the opinion of the author, that some knowledge of the general principles and essential forms of the law, respecting last wills and testaments, should be possessed by all, who, from their character and situation in life, may be summoned to the attendance of the sick—and how very few are there in society, who may not have occasion to be thus informed? Even those benevolent females, who discharge the humble duties of nurses and attendants, may, with great propriety, be instructed in some of the essential requisites prescribed for the execution of a last will and testament: and we have no disposition to controvert the opinion of the Honorable Judge, that females are equally capable of acquiring knowledge in this and every other branch of science, as the other sex.

The work, though intended for the citizens of South-Carolina, will be found serviceable to those of the other States.

After reciting all the statutes of Great-Britain, which have been adopted, and are now in force in South-Carolina, and the several acts of the legislature of that State, relative to Executors and Administrators, Judge Grimké proceeds to the distribution of the subjects into thirteen chapters, which successively treat—1. Of persons who may make a will—2. Of what things a will may be made—3. Of the form and manner of making a will—4. Of guardians and executors—5. Of devises—6. Of the republication and revocation of wills—7. Of the probate of wills—8. Of the administration of the intestate's effects—9. Of inventories, appraisement, and getting in the effects—10. Of the payment of debts—11. Of the payment of legacies—12. Of the distributions of the intestate's effects—13. Of the passing the accounts of executors and administrators. Chapter 14. contains a collection of useful precedents and forms.

The rules of Sir William Blackstone, for the interpretation of wills, deeds, &c. and tables of inheritance, agreeably to the acts of the assembly, are inserted. The difference of succession among lineal and collaterals, by the laws of South-Carolina, and those of Great-Britain, and of ancient Rome, are explained and illustrated.

The cases to be found in the English law writers and reporters on the subject, are digested and arranged under the heads and divisions enumerated, and no pains appear to have been spared to render the work as complete and useful as possible. O.

#### ART. X.

*A Discourse on National Sins: delivered May 9, 1798; being the Day recommended by the President of the United States, to be observed as a*



*Day of General Fast.* By William Linn, D. D. one of the Ministers of the Reformed Dutch Church in the City of New-York. 8vo. pp. 37. T. and J. Swords. New-York: 1798.

"TWO motives, principally," says the author in his preface, "have induced me to publish the following discourse; the one is, that those who disapproved of certain parts, may have an opportunity of giving them a second and dispassionate consideration; the other is, that the sentiments advanced appear to me highly seasonable, and ought to be diffused as extensively as possible. The discourse is printed, *word for word*, as it was written in the first copy, and only three sentences, which will be found marked, were forgotten at the time of delivery. This is mentioned to apologize for the inaccuracies which will occur, and which would have been corrected, had it not been judged best scrupulously to adhere to the very words, which all who were present can be called to attest."

The subject of this discourse is taken from Joshua vii. 13. *Up, sanctify the people, and say, Sanctify yourselves against to-morrow: for thus saith the Lord God of Israel, There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel: thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you.* The principal aim of the author is, to exhibit what he supposes to be the *accursed things*, or the *national sins*, which have been the procuring cause of national punishments. Those he arranges under the following heads:—viz. Inattention to family instruction and government—Neglect of the ordinances of divine worship, and of the due observance of the Sabbath—Abuse of temporal prosperity—The prevalence of infidelity—And the want of union among our citizens—Each of these topics is illustrated

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at some length, and the principles arising out of them warmly enforced.

The style of this discourse is simple, and frequently forcible. Though it is sometimes deficient in smoothness, it is generally perspicuous, popular, and impressive. And though inaccuracies now and then occur, the apology which we have quoted from the preface, forbids the severity of criticism. With respect to some of the sentiments maintained by Dr. L. our readers will differ in opinion. We have some doubts as to the propriety of introducing political discussion into the pulpit; but on this subject every preacher must judge for himself, and ascertain his duty, by referring to the particular circumstances in which he is placed. Dr. L. asserts the importance of morality and religion, to the well-being of civil society, with a laudable zeal, and he calls for approbation and support of public measures, with a fervour of decision, which indicates that he is a very firm friend to the government and administration of his country. We have no doubt but that all who concur with him in sentiments, will consider this discourse as worthy of publication, as calculated to do good, and as affording honourable testimony of its author's talents.

#### ART. XI.

*A Sermon, delivered May 9, 1798, being the Day of a National Fast, recommended by the President of the United States.* By John Thornton Kirkland, Minister of the New South Church, Boston. 8vo. pp. 23. Russel. Boston. 1798.

THIS discourse was delivered on the same occasion with the last. It maintains, with equal zeal, the importance of Christianity, to the welfare of civil socie-

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ty; and is not less decided and warm in inculcating the duty of supporting the government of the United States. The text is chosen from Isaiah xxvi. 9. *When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.* After a short and appropriate introduction, the author proposes, 1. "To show in what consists the right improvement of public evils and dangers;" and, 2. "To apply the subject to the present circumstances of the world, and especially of our own country." Under the first head, Mr. K. undertakes to show, that the judgments of God call us, 1. To acknowledge his providence; 2. To submit to his will, and confide in his wisdom and power; 3. To repent of all sin; and, 4. To return to the practice of our whole duty, and especially those parts of it to which recent experience, or the exigencies of the times give a peculiar importance and obligation. Under the second head, his object is to develop the nature and sources of our national dangers, and to show the peculiar duties which the "afflictive and hazardous situation" in which we are placed, demands.

We consider this discourse as exhibiting a very handsome specimen of talent. The style is, in general, correct, polished, and nervous;—the reasoning perspicuous, firm, and manly;—and the whole aspect of the composition of that dignified and serious kind, which becomes the solemnity of pulpit address. The objection which has been made by some against mingling religion and politics, if it be a just objection at all, will lie with full as much, if not greater force against this sermon, than that which was noticed in the preceding article. But on this question we shall not attempt to wrest from our readers the prerogative of deciding for themselves.

*Account of American Editions of Foreign Publications.*

ART. IV.

*The History of America, Books IX. and X. Containing the History of Virginia to the Year 1688, and of Connecticut to the Year 1652. By William Robertson, D. D. &c. 8vo. pp. 196. Philadelphia. J. Humphreys. 1799.*

THE subject of this book, and the name of the writer, will not fail to excite attention in American readers. The history of our native country will always deserve to be of chief moment in our eyes; and the discussion of this subject by the most eloquent historian of modern times, cannot fail to afford us uncommon gratification.

Some regret must arise, on observing the short term to which this performance is limited. The narrative of the causes and incidents of the revolution, by such a pen, would have been inestimable. Erroneous statements and conclusions might have been expected; but these blemishes are inseparable from the works of man, and would have been amply compensated by general adherence to truth, by judicious selection and arrangement, and by the charms of perspicuity and elegance.

But in deploring the want of a more ample story, we must not underrate the value of that which we possess. Of the various periods in American history, that of the original colonization of these shores is, in many respects, of more importance than the revolutionary period; and, among all the States, the birth of those of Virginia and New-England is most worthy to be known.

The colonization of Virginia is first discussed. This event is a co-



pious fund of speculation to moral and political reasoners. Its true causes are pointed out by this writer with his usual penetration; and are shown to be the spirit of emulation in the government of England, excited by the glory acquired in this career by the Spaniards; the passion for adventure, and the thirst of gain in the English subjects, provoked by the example of the wealth suddenly acquired by their rivals.

It is common for the greatest and most excellent effects to flow from the meanest and most trivial causes. The settlement of North-America is, in its consequence, the greatest event in the history of mankind; and yet it arose from the most perverse habits, and most sordid passions incident to man. Columbus aimed only to open a new road for the passage of nutmegs and pepper from Malabar to Europe. Cabot was impelled by the same views; by that petty emulation which subsisted between Venice and Genoa, and by the desire of enriching himself and his children. The English princes acted for the sake of glory; and Willoughby, Frobisher, Drake, Gilbert, Raleigh, and Greenville, from a restless and adventurous spirit, and the ambition of eclipsing Gama, Cortez, and Pizarro. The end was much the same; they would not have scrupled to employ the same means, but a different scene was reserved for their exploits; and avarice and cruelty were either frustrated, or limited to a narrower sphere.

The founders of Virginia were, for the most part, the refuse of their country, banished by their vices, or allured by their avarice to the New World, where they sifted the sands for gold, quarrelled and tormented each other, massacred the natives, or perished with famine. In time they learned the necessity of subordination and industry, and laid the

foundation of the present state of things. The birth of this State was attended with painful and long protracted throes, and constitutes a diversified and humiliating tale.

New-England forms a considerable contrast to Virginia. The differences which, at present, subsist between the political and economical condition of the two countries, are not greater than those which distinguished their origin. The discovery and name of New-England were, indeed, the fruits of the national and commercial spirit of the English, but its colonization was owing to an higher principle. The origin, progress, and effects of this principle, are deduced by this writer, with a succinctness, comprehensiveness, and perspicuity that cannot fail to give delight to the intelligent reader. Indeed, it is in the exhibition and deduction of general causes that Robertson eminently excels. Luxuriance of style and eloquence of narration are common and trivial attributes, in comparison with the statement of wide-spread, yet latent; of slow, yet incessant revolutions, in opinion and practice.

The changes of religion at the æra of the reformation were of two kinds; and were greater or less deviations from the ancient model, according as the interest of the prince dictated. England, during several reigns, seemed to fluctuate between the different forms of Roman, Lutheran, and Calvinistic; but after touching the two extremes under Mary and Cromwell, finally subsided into something which receded less, in its creeds, formalities, and modes of ecclesiastical government, from the papal institutions, than any which called itself reformed. The dissenters from the ruling sect were subjected to penalties, or driven into exile: the catholics, at one time, sought shelter in the western deserts from the persecutions

of Elizabeth and Cromwell; and the *Brownists*, at another, betook themselves to the same means of safety and repose. The latter sect were the original emigrants to New-England. Their ecclesiastical scheme approached nearer to the ideas of absolute equality among men, than any other; and this scheme, contrary to ordinary rules, has not essentially degenerated.

Their progress was accompanied with the usual train of disasters. Their courage was depressed, and their numbers thinned by pestilence and famine. Civil dissension, contention with the claims of the English government, war with the Colonists of France and Holland, and, lastly, the extermination of the natives, compose the series of their early history.

Compared with the number of people, all the evils which afflict mankind were endured, by these colonists, in as great a degree as the history of the world any where exhibits. These evils are faithfully and circumstantially related by cotemporary writers, and the judicious recital would benefit mankind as much as those greater revolutions which have shaken the nations of the Old World.

The present narrative is nothing more than a compendium, the events of a busy period of twenty-three years, being comprised in forty-three scanty pages. This compendium is replete with proofs of discernment, and of specimens of just selection and arrangement. Hutchinson, Mather, Chalmers, and Neal, are the authors by whom, chiefly, his materials are supplied.

One part of this subject, the history of Connecticut, has been lately discussed, with much copiousness, by a writer of our own country, Dr. Trumbull. It would be no unprofitable exercise to compare the works of the two writers, and to estimate their respective claims

to excellence in reasoning and composition. How much it is to be wished that a third historian would arise, combining the accuracy and minuteness of the one with the rhetoric and judgment of the other! Perhaps occasion will hereafter be taken to introduce a parallel between them. At present we are obliged to dismiss this work, with commending it to the study of all those who desire the knowledge of their native country, who are curious observers of mankind, or who delight in contemplating the productions of genius and taste. B.

#### ART. V.

*Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical.* By Benjamin Count Rumford. *The first American, from the third London Edition.* Vol. i. pp. 464. D. West. Boston. 1798.

COUNT RUMFORD is not only singular in the subjects he has chosen, but in the mode in which they are discussed. He does not content himself, like most of other schemers, with arguing on remote, specious, and untrodden grounds: All his deductions are drawn from actual experiments.—The design must, in all cases, precede its execution; but such was the singular situation of this man, as to enable him to reduce his theories to practice, and offer them to the world, not as projects which were merely plausible, but as the unequivocal results of experiment.

He was remarkably fortunate in the scene allotted to him. A German principality abounds, beyond most other portions of the civilized world, with the consequences of misgovernment; and the power of the sovereign is subjected to fewer restraints. That this power should be vested in a foreigner, a protestant, and a man of true wisdom,

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looks more like the fiction of a sanguine fancy, than as an undeniable historical fact. When we first opened this man's performances, we could scarcely persuade ourselves but that we were perusing the reveries of some ingenious philanthropist, who had thus, by a daring invention, undertaken to impart instruction to his countrymen.

The subject of the *first essay* is the cure of a disease, in the political body, which he calls *mendicity*, and which, indeed, in all its extent and bearings, may be regarded as the *only* evil to which a community of men is liable. That all men should enjoy the means of subsistence in consequence of wholesome industry, is the sum of all that a beneficent temper can desire. Nothing more is requisite to this end, than that accommodations and materials for industry should be provided, and a resolution to profit by them be instilled into the profligate and idle. This undertaking would, by most, be considered as so difficult as to be given up in despair.

This person, however, was not easily intimidated, and appears to have fully effected his design, with relation to the metropolis of Bavaria. This city is about equally populous with our own, and we would do well to consider how far the same methods are practicable among ourselves.

From some circumstance in the state of our country; or from the wisdom of our present laws relative to the poor, street-beggars are almost entirely unknown among us: Few inferences applicable to our own condition, can therefore be deduced from the facts and reasonings of the first essay: From it, however, something important may be learned.

The system of Count Rumford includes voluntary contribution.—The superiority of this mode to that of taxation is manifest. Taxation

can never be perfectly equal, because the tenth part of one man's property is a greater deduction than the same proportion of another estate which is greater. Ten pounds from him who has but an hundred, is a greater burthen than one hundred pounds from him who has a thousand. The poor must indeed be supported, and funds must, for that end, be procured; and it is better that they should be spontaneously bestowed than forcibly exacted. To generate virtue, it is chiefly requisite, that it should be supplied with opportunities and inducements. If it were practicable, it would be better to have the poor supplied by the benevolence than the fears of the rich.

Nor does this appear to be impracticable. In our country it cannot be supposed that subscriptions would be wanting to any scheme really beneficial, and in which sufficient security should be afforded that the contribution should be sacredly and frugally administered. What dependence may be placed upon the virtue of mankind in this respect; what means should be used to secure the faithful application of money to the end for which it was designed; and how the frauds, embezzlements, and waste of superintendants and officers may be prevented, are subjects amply and forcibly illustrated in this essay.

There would be no end to the quotation of curious and important facts. The perspicuity and coherence of the whole would be injured by attempting a summary; yet, as some may be incited to read the work by a sketch (however imperfect) of its contents, a short abstract of the first essay may not be unacceptable.

An account is first given of the means employed to increase the comforts; facilitate the subsistence; and secure the temperance, health, and subordination of the soldiers. In a

country where, as in Germany, a military force is constantly maintained, this topic is of high importance. These methods are, indeed, applicable only to times of peace, and can, therefore, be of small moment in a state like our own, where few or no soldiers are maintained but in times of war.

A picture, not destitute of eloquence, is next exhibited of the condition of Bavaria, with regard to beggars. If some parts be not overcharged, it is, indeed, a most mortifying, though highly instructive spectacle. The formation of a board or committee of superintendence, and the distribution of the cavalry throughout the country, are minutely detailed. The collection of funds, from the voluntary contribution of sovereign and people, is next described.

The quantity and species of employment of the poor; the difficulties which attended the scheme, and the success with which it was ultimately crowned, are mentioned. A description is also given of the House of Industry at Munich, in which particular stress is laid upon the neatness of the structure, and the cleanliness maintained in it.

Then follows a very interesting narrative of the arrest of the beggars of Munich, in which the efforts of the magistrates and people were combined with those of the military. The progress of this design; the obstacles arising from the refractory, or dissolute, or ignorant poor; and the gradual surmounting of these obstacles are unfolded.

Various facts are then enumerated as to the internal management of the military work-house, the manner in which the various manufactures and employments are conducted, the means adopted for the prevention of frauds in the officers and servants of the institution, and the complete success with which every project was accompanied.

A picture is further given of the change which, by these means, was wrought in the manners of the poor, and of the degree in which their happiness and comfort were promoted.

Means are next pointed out which were adopted to extend the benefits of this system to those poor persons who did not subsist by begging, and the mode in which succour was secretly imparted, and lucrative industry adapted to those whose pride or sensibility would not bear the exposure of their wants or their labours. This subject is discussed with exquisite skill, and proofs are given, that the writer's heart is not less splendidly endowed than his understanding.

Speculations are, in the next place, introduced relative to those improvements and extensions of which this system is capable. A project is delineated for uniting kitchens for feeding the poor, with establishments for affording them employment.—This essay, already so abundant, in useful and interesting matter, concludes with remarks on the practicability of enlarging and generalising institutions of this kind, and on the progress which a similar spirit of improvement has already made in other countries.

(*To be continued.*)

#### ART. VI.

*ENCYCLOPÆDIA; or a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences and Miscellaneous Literature; constructed on a Plan, by which the different Sciences and Arts are digested into the Form of distinct Treatises or Systems, &c. The first American Edition, in eighteen volumes 4to. T. Dobson. Philadelphia. 1798.*

THE extent and variety of this work will not allow us to exhibit more than a general view of



its plan and execution. With some exceptions, which do not appear to be very important, the plan combines as many advantages, and incurs as few difficulties and embarrassments as any that could well be selected for an undertaking of this compass. In the execution, it requires no great fund of knowledge to perceive, that many mistakes, unnecessary repetitions, and even culpable omissions have taken place. Such faults are, however, almost inseparable from a collection, so extensive and multifarious as that now before us. Undertaken by different hands, possessing various degrees of ability and qualification, the several parts are often defective in concert, and necessarily display inequalities of merit. "But if much has been omitted, let it be remembered that much has likewise been performed."

To such as reside at a distance from large libraries, and other repositories of science, an epitome of knowledge like this, condensing a vast and cumbrous mass within the limits of eighteen volumes, must be of the greatest importance. The several topics are not indeed treated in a manner sufficiently minute and explicit, to satisfy those whose duty or inclination leads them profoundly to investigate their respective objects of pursuit. But in this respect, the Encyclopædia will, at least, serve as an index to more abundant sources of information.

The relation which the various objects of knowledge bear to one another, can never be too deeply impressed on the mind. This dependence and subserviency, well known already as to many of the departments of science, will probably increase with every step we take in the career of improvement. The Encyclopædist conducts his reader to a lofty eminence, from which he is enabled to descry the boundless prospect that stretches be-

fore him; he points out to his view the accumulated labours, experience, and wisdom of ages; he assists him to survey the history of the human mind in its progress from rudeness to refinement, and to teach him to anticipate the glorious destiny which awaits the full developement and exertion of intellectual energy in a more enlightened age.

As the rapid fluctuations and progress of the physical sciences are continually rendering the labours of preceding writers, in many departments, nearly useless, and demanding new exhibitions of the subject, it is intended to lay before the public an account of recent improvements, made since the commencement of the Encyclopædia, in a supplementary volume.

To the publisher, Mr. Dobson, we conceive the public are greatly indebted for this undertaking, which has now occupied several years. The magnitude of the work far exceeds any thing ever before issued from the press in the United States. Without great labour, expense, and hazard, it must have been impossible to surmount the difficulties of so extensive a work, and to conduct it to a conclusion. And we sincerely hope that the circulation of it, while it affords a liberal compensation to the publisher, and encourages similar attempts in future, may be the means of diffusing a taste for scientific and literary pursuits among the people of America.

#### ART. VII.

POEMS by Robert Southey. *First American Edition.* pp. 125. 12mo. Boston. Printed for Joseph Nancrede. 1799. Price 62 cents.

THE lovers of poetry, in America, still look for the gratification of their taste to the productions of the British bards.

Those who have a relish for the lighter effusions of the muse, will feel themselves indebted to the publisher of this American edition of the Poems of Southey. They are exhibited in a neat and becoming dress.

Those who have perused 'Joan of Arc,' must have remarked the vigorous conception, the daring though irregular flights, the animated expression, the glowing tints, which characterise true genius, and which certainly is possessed by the author of these poems. Passages, feeble, obscure, and unequal, which betray carelessness and haste, indeed, frequently occur in the writings of Mr. S. and though we feel alternate delight and disgust, rapture and indifference, animation and lassitude, in their perusal, we cannot withhold the tribute of applause due to him as a poet.

The present volume contains the smaller pieces and youthful effusions of Mr. S. Their subjects and merits are diversified.

The basis of the first poem, "The Triumph of Woman," is to be found in the first book of Esdras.

The subject is suited to display richer and more animated strains of poetry than have flowed from the pen of this author.

There is, however, much elegance and beauty in the diction and sentiment.

The "*Sonnets on the Slave Trade*," breathe a spirit of ardent and generous enthusiasm. We sympathize in the feelings of Mr. S. and deeply regret, that there should be so much cause for virtuous indignation.

A number of pieces are classed by Mr. S. under the head of "Lyric Poems," and were written, it is said, in early youth. These first attempts are not happy, or promise much success in Lyric Poetry. We do not coincide in opinion with Mr. S. "that the Ode is the most

worthless species of Poetry," though it may be the "most difficult."

The strings of the lyre should be, indeed, touched by the hand of a master. Susceptible of great variety in its numbers, it may be made to reach to a sublimity and daring enthusiasm, rarely to be attained in any other form of poetic composition.

The "*Botany Bay Eclogues*" are attractive from their novelty. They cannot be read without that melancholy pleasure, which the pen of Mr. S. seems peculiarly adapted to inspire. The first and fourth exhibit, with exquisite touches of pathos and sublimity, the misery of two wretched out-casts from society. The second and third have some portion of humorous dialogue, and contain just sketches of character and manners. Mr. S. appears to regard war, as the fruitful parent of corruption and crime, adding daily to the number of those victims who expiate their guilt in distant and hopeless exile.

The "*Inscriptions*," possess beauty of sentiment, vivid description, and pure morality. They are in the manner of Akenside, but have less elegance and classic purity of ornament and expression.

The lines on the "*Miniature Picture*" of the author, "at two years of age," show his early and strong propensity "to stray in the pleasant paths of Poesy." It breathes an air of pensive and pleasing recollection.

The lovers of Ballad, and the admirers of "Alonzo and Imogen," will be gratified by Mary, "*The Maid of the Inn*." They who relish the more simple and popular metre of the ancient ballad, will be pleased with "Rudiger."

The "*Hymn to the Penates*," reminds us of Akenside's "*Hymn to the Naiads*." The latter is superior in imagery and numbers. The former, by its allusions to incidents



in the life of the author, and by its pictures of domestic life, possesses a strong influence on the feelings of the reader. W.

ART. VIII.

*The NAVAL GAZETTEER, or Seaman's complete Guide, &c. &c. By the Rev. John Malham. Illustrated with a correct Set of Charts. The first American Edition, in two Volumes large 8vo. Boston. W. Spotswood and J. Nancrede. 1797.*

**T**HIS very handsome and cheap edition of a very useful work, cannot but be acceptable to all those who are engaged in naval affairs. Compilations, in the form of dictionaries, by affording a cheap, commodious, and comprehensive mass of information for every class of readers, are deservedly esteemed, as aiding the extension of useful knowledge.

While books of that kind, in almost every science, have been published; none adapted to the convenience of seamen have before the present work appeared. The uneducated mariner was obliged to content himself, with very limited and scanty information, on subjects belonging to his profession, and which could not be acquired without much previous experience.

The re-publication of the "Naval Gazetteer," at a time when the attention of our citizens is particularly directed to naval affairs, is seasonable, and must be highly beneficial.

The introduction, which is of some length, contains many useful geographical observations; an account of winds and tides; means of finding the time of high water; a general account of the coasts of the known world; important directions to navigators, with respect to the anchorage and management of vessels on a lee-shore; and other preliminary remarks proper for a work of the kind.

It abounds with ample and judicious directions for sailing in and out of ports, straits, and difficult places, and points out the dangers and means of avoiding them.

The author has availed himself of the modern discoveries, and of observations of experienced navigators. His work discovers much diligence and information, and we recommend it to our nautical citizens, as the best and most comprehensive treatise on naval affairs which has been presented to the public.

We trust, that the editors will meet with that encouragement from those engaged in mercantile and naval affairs, which they so fully and justly deserve. N.

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SELECTIONS.

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*Interesting Remarks, by Dr. HERSCHEL, on the Permanency of the equal Emissions of Light of our Sun; occasioned by the Changes that have been observed to take place in the Lustre of the Fixed Stars.*

[From the first Part of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the year 1796.]

**B**Y observations such as this paper has been calculated to promote and facilitate, we are enabled

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to resolve a problem not only of great consequence, but in which we are all immediately concerned. Who, for instance, would not wish to know what degree of permanency we ought to ascribe to the lustre of our sun? Not only the stability of our climates, but the very existence of the whole animal and vegetable creation itself, is involved in the question. Where can we hope to receive information

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upon this subject, but from astronomical observations? If it be allowed to admit the similarity of stars with our sun as a point established, how necessary will it be to take notice of the fate of our neighbouring suns, in order to guess at that of our own! That star which, among the multitude, we have dignified by the name of sun, to-morrow may slowly begin to undergo a gradual decay of brightness, like  $\beta$  leonis,  $\alpha$  ceti,  $\alpha$  draconis,  $\delta$  ursæ majoris, and many other diminishing stars that will be mentioned in my catalogues. It may suddenly increase, like the wonderful star in the back of Cassiopea's chair, and the no less remarkable one in the foot of Serpentarius; or gradually come on like  $\beta$  geminorum,  $\beta$  ceti,  $\zeta$  sagittarii, and many other increasing stars, for which I also refer to my catalogues. And, lastly, it may turn into a periodical one of 25 days duration, as algal is one of three days,  $\delta$  cephei of five,  $\beta$  lyrae of six,  $\gamma$  antinoi of seven days, and as many others, are of various periods.

Now, if by a proper attention to this subject, and by frequently comparing the real state of the heavens with such catalogues of brightness as mine, it should be found that all, or many of the stars which we now have reason to suspect to be changeable, are, indeed, subject to an alteration in their lustre, it will much lessen the confidence we have hitherto placed upon the permanency of the equal emission of light of our sun. Many phenomena in natural history seem to point out some past changes in our climates. Perhaps the easiest way of accounting for them may be to surmise that our sun has been formerly sometimes more and sometimes less bright than it is at present. At all events, it will be highly presumptuous to lay any great stress upon the stability of the present

order of things; and many hitherto unaccountable varieties that happen in our seasons, such as a general severity or mildness of uncommon winters or burning summers, may possibly meet with an easy solution in the real inequality of the sun's rays.

A method of ascertaining the quantity or intenseness of solar light might be contrived by some photometer or instrument properly constructed, which ought probably to be placed upon some high and insulated mountain, where the influence of various causes that affect heat and cold, though not entirely removed, would be considerably lessened. Perhaps the thermometer alone might be sufficient: for though the lustre of the sun should be the chief object of this research, yet, as the effect of light in producing expansion in mercury seems to be intimately connected with the quantity of the incident solar rays, it may be admitted that all conclusions drawn from their action upon the thermometer will apply to the investigation of the brilliancy of the sun. And here the forms laid down by Mr. Mayer, in his little treatise *De Variationibus Thermometri accuratius definiendis*, may be of considerable service to distinguish the regular causes of the change of the thermometer from the adventitious ones, among which I place the probable instability of the sun's lustre.

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*An Account of Mr. PARK'S Journey into the Interior Parts of Africa.*

[Continued from page 67.]

ON the morning of the 1st July, 1796, Mr. Park was so fortunate as to break the bonds of his captivity. He had contrived to procure, at his departure, his own horse, saddle and bridle; a few articles of apparel, and also his pocket



compass. This last he had concealed in the sand during his confinement. He rode forwards the whole of the first day without stopping. "I felt," said he, "like one recovered from sickness; I breathed freer; I found unusual lightness in my limbs. Even the desert looked pleasant; and I dreaded nothing but falling in with some wandering parties of Moors, who might convey me back to the land of thieves and murderers from which I had just escaped."

The first emotions of his mind subsiding, however, into sober reflection, he soon found his condition to be very deplorable. His horse grew tired, and he experienced the torments of thirst raging beyond description. Whenever he came to a tree, he climbed it in hopes of discovering a watering-place, but in vain; he chewed the leaves, but found they were all bitter, and afforded no relief. In a vast wilderness of the African continent, without an attendant or guide, without food and water, or the prospect of procuring any; in a country where the lion and panther, prowling for their prey, are less to be apprehended than man: what situation could be more forlorn and dreadful? He proceeded onwards, however, directing his route nearly east-south-east, in the view of reaching, by the shortest course possible, a district that might afford him shelter. A heavy rain

about midnight, enabled him to quench his burning thirst, by spreading his clothes on the ground and sucking the moisture out of them; and a muddy pool, which he found soon after, yielded relief to his horse. The rest of the night, and nearly the whole of the ensuing day, neither water nor food was to be found; and he must inevitably have perished, had he not fortunately, towards evening, lighted upon a few scattered huts of some Foulah shepherds. Perceiving an aged negro woman among those who gazed at him with great earnestness, he tendered her his pocket handkerchief, and requested in exchange a little corn to eat. She gave him a kind answer, invited him to her hut, and immediately produced a large wooden bowl of *kouscous* ready prepared. She procured likewise some corn and water for the horse.\* Those only who have suffered similar misery, can judge of his sensibility at this unexpected deliverance. But, as the village belonged to the Moors, our traveller had only a short time to rest. As he approached the territories of the negroes, however, his apprehensions diminished, and his condition improved.

Procuring precarious support in this manner from the charity of the most wretched of human beings, Mr. Park wandered for the space of fifteen days; still, however, proceeding onwards in the accomplish-

\* It is worthy of remark, and highly to the credit of the female sex, that Mr. Park seems invariably to have met with compassion and relief from women. This perfectly accords with the account given by another enterprising traveller, Mr. Ledyard, who expresses himself as follows: "I have always remarked that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

ment of his mission. At length, in the morning of the sixteenth day, having been joined by some Mandingo negroes, who were travelling to Sego, he had the inexpressible satisfaction to behold the great object of his wishes—the long-sought majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing majestically, but slowly, from west to east, through the middle of a very extensive town, which his fellow-travellers told him was Sego, the capital of the great kingdom of Bambara. His emotions at this sight were exquisite, and it were unjust not to give them in our traveller's own words: "I hastened," says he, "to the brink of the river, and, having drank of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things, for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success." Unhappily, he had yet to sustain many severe and bitter trials of his patience and fortitude.

Information of a considerable river flowing through the centre of Africa, between the latitudes of 15 and 20° north, had been received at very early periods from different quarters. At one time it was believed to be a part of the Senegal. The Gambia had the same honour ascribed to it at another. But sufficient proof was afterwards obtained that neither of these rivers was the Niger, and further inquiries confirmed the ancient accounts of a stream that was not only of greater magnitude than either the Senegal or the Gambia, but which flowed in a *contrary direction*; running not to the westward into the Atlantic, but from west to east, to regions unknown. The Moors described it by the name of *Nil il Abeed*, or the River of Slaves: the negroes bestowed on it the appellation of *Joliba*, or the Great Waters.

Some doubt, however, still re-

mained. It was urged that the Moors might possibly speak of one river, and the negroes of another; and the account of its direction towards the east was received by our ablest geographers with much difficulty and hesitation. On both these points, Mr. Park's testimony is clear and decisive; the Moors, in his hearing, uniformly called it *Nil il Abeed*; the inhabitants of Sego, the *Joliba*; and that it flowed from west to east, he had ocular demonstration in a long and perilous ambulation of some hundred miles, which he afterwards made on its banks. Thus, therefore, is all further question obviated concerning the existence and direction of this great river; but its termination still continues unknown.

(*To be continued.*)

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*Details relative to the Academical Society of the Lovers of Lima, and the Periodical Work published by them, under the Title of the Mercure Peruano (Peruvian Mercury.)*

THE opinions entertained by the public, relative to the establishment of this society, and the origin of our periodical paper, are so various, that we feel ourselves called on to explain the principles of both; we shall, however, preserve a mysterious silence, both as to the number of persons of whom the society is composed, and their real names. It may, indeed, happen, that, in a little time, we may give some information on these heads.

In the year 1787, Hesperiofilo, after having sustained some heavy losses in commerce, took up his residence in this capital (Lima.) His vivacious, ardent, and unquiet spirit could not find sufficient food, either in the private duties and obli-



gations of life, or in public diversions. Riding and hunting afforded him an agreeable exercise abroad, while reading and meditation alternately occupied the time he spent in his cabinet. In an excursion to Lurin,\* he became acquainted with Hermagoras, Homotimo, and Mindirido, all of them very amiable men. A society of men of letters had for several years met at the house of the former; and to this society Agelasto and Aristio belonged, in conjunction with the persons mentioned above. Hesperiofilo requested to have the honour to be united to this little society, which assembled regularly every evening at eight o'clock, and broke up at eleven. It confined itself entirely to the discussion of literary subjects, and the investigation of public occurrences. Detraction, gaming, and whatever regarded the tender passion, or was otherwise light and trivial, were proscribed in this congress of philosophers.

The first advantage which man derives from his establishment in society, is that of enlarging his ideas, and thinking with greater uniformity: we experienced this truth from the commencement.—Proud of our union, and resolved to preserve it, we endeavoured to give to it all the consistency of which any human establishment is susceptible. We took the name of the *Phil-harmonic Academy*; we drew up a code of regulations for the better government of our meetings; and appointed Hermagoras our president, and Aristio our secretary. We bestowed the title of Honorary Associates on three females, Doralice, Floridia, and Egeria; with the last of whom we had a violent dispute: she refused the name of Egeria, on ac-

count of certain allusions which she deemed improper; while we, on our side, maintained that it was extremely analogous to her condition, seeing that etymologically it signified *poor*. Aristio proposed, every evening, the subjects which were to be treated. When any diversity of opinion arose, the parties drew up their allegation in writing, and in this way the disputed point was decided. The academy was not without its anonymous correspondents.

In these pursuits our hours glided away as if on a theatre of delights. Each of us absorbed in the ineffable pleasures of friendship and philosophy; we were equally strangers to discord and to *ennui*. Transported by the contemplation of our happiness, we oftentimes addressed our country, exclaiming, "Ah! Lima, if thou wert sensible of the satisfaction which results from the union of a well combined assembly, thou wouldst banish far from thee all division and tumult: thou country of so many sages, thy population would be happy if a few of the many learned men, by whom thou art enlightened, would unite themselves to the academical society of the Phil-harmonics."

The uncertainty of human affairs was strongly illustrated by our society, which a cruel series of accidents and calamities dispersed. Homotimo passed over to Madrid, whither he was called by the career of his political life. Hesperiofilo, having lost what he considered as most precious and amiable in this world, went to Sierra, with a view to mitigate his grief by absence. Hermagoras felt the loss of these two companions. Aristio fell sick; and Mindirido took to himself a wife.

\* A small district inhabited by Indians, situated at the distance of five leagues from Lima. On account of the salubrity of its climate it is much frequented by valetudinarians.

Thus did the members of the Phil-harmonic Academy separate in an instant.

After a lapse of two-and-twenty months, the society, which appeared to have been dissolved for ever, again united, as if by an effect of magnetism. Homotimo returned from Madrid, after having received from his sovereign the distinguished favours to which his merits entitled him. Hesperiofilo left behind him, in Sierra, the misanthropy he had carried thither. Hermagoras and Aristio, full of health and benevolence, celebrated the return of their two companions, and became the bonds of the new union which took place. Mindirido, engaged in the duties of the husband and the father, could not as yet become an associate of this new society, which was abandoned by Agelasto, in consequence of the whole of his time being engaged in commerce. Our meetings were held in the house of Hermagoras, as was the case before the dispersion of the Phil-harmonics.

Behold, then, a society of four men, retired from all that constitutes the pleasure of the greater part of mortals, and delighting in such scientific objects as they could illustrate by the employment of their talents. Aristio resumed the task of distributing the subjects which were to be investigated; and it was agreed that all our dissertations should be in writing. These pieces, combined with the fragments which we had still preserved from among others of the same kind, written at the time of the Phil-harmonical meetings, became so many monuments of our attachment to, and love for, our country. Our humility and want of confidence constantly denied these works the honour of being printed; and we confined ourselves to bestowing on our

new society the flattering title of *the Lovers of the Country*.

In this way we went on for the space of a few months, when, at length, the analysis with which Don Jayme Bausate introduced the publication of his *Diario Curiosa* (curious diary) pointed out to us a convenient mode by which we could render our labours of public utility. We perceived that that work would afford a fair opening for the subjects which were discussed in our academical conversations; and it struck us, that this idea might be successfully followed up. As we were, however, four only in number, we did not think ourselves altogether competent to the task we were thus to assign to ourselves, and we were desirous to call in the aid of a fifth associate, who should make up for our deficiency, and, in a manner, unite in his functions the representation of the whole society. This new associate we found in the person of Chrisipo. Each of us animated by the same spirit and the same zeal, we came to a resolution to set on foot a periodical publication, to be entitled *Mercurio Peruano* (Peruvian Mercury) which we hoped the public favour and patronage would enable us to continue. A city like our's, in which so much science, as well as patriotism, is to be found, could not, we thought, fail to support such an undertaking, entered into from the purest motives. We proceeded to confer the title of Honorary Associates on Teagnes, Hyp-parco, and Thimeo, at the same time that Basilides and Paladio declared themselves protecting associates. Among those who pay us the most marked attentions, while they assist us with great assiduity, are Archidamo, and Cefalio, to whose solicitude and fostering encouragement it is owing, that our



work now meets the public eye. This will not be a little flattering to us, when we shall be enabled to draw aside the veil, and announce their real names.

If this paper, which is altogether the fruit of our meditations and efforts, should prove useful to the country, and to the nation, it behoves us to acknowledge, that our thanks and gratitude will be due to the editor of the *Diary*; but for him, the productions of the society of the *Lovers of the Country* would have been buried in oblivion, like those of the *Phil-harmonic Society*.

[*Lond. Mon. Mag.*

(*To be continued.*)

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*Sketch of the Manners of the Portuguese. From Murphy's General View of Portugal.*

**A**MONG the middling and subordinate ranks, the females especially, there is very little intercourse, except fortuitous meetings in the churches and streets. Every class of tradesmen has a distinct oratory, supported by the voluntary contributions of their society; here they assemble every evening, before supper, to chaunt vespers. They rarely visit each other's houses but on particular occasions, as weddings and christenings; and then they entertain very sumptuously, or rather satiate with profusion.

Jealousy, and an innate disposition to secrecy, are assigned as the chief causes of this separation. They hold it as a maxim, that he who talks least thinks best; and that the most perfect man is not he who has most good qualities, but fewest bad ones. Pride might also operate, as they wish not to show their apartments, no more than their wives and daughters, unless they be arrayed in their best attire.

Yet, however we may regret the

many innocent enjoyments of which the females are thus deprived, their seclusion is productive of much domestic felicity. Their bland and simple manners are not liable to be corrupted, nor their attachments dissipated by an extensive communication with the world. The fond husband, thus solaced, is happy, supremely happy in the society of a virtuous partner, whose sole affection is concentrated within the narrow circle of her family.

As to their persons in general, the women are rather below than above the middle stature, but graceful and beautiful. No females are less studious of enhancing their attractions by artificial means, or counterfeiting, by paltry arts, the charms that nature has withheld. To the most regular features, they add a sprightly disposition and captivating carriage. The round face, and full fed form, are more esteemed in this country, than the long tapering visage, and thin delicate frame. Most nations entertain some peculiar idea of beauty in the lineaments and cast of the face; that of the Portuguese will be best understood by their own description of a perfect beauty, which is as follows:

The forehead should be broad, smooth, and white. The eyes large, bright, and quick, but at the same time still and modest. With respect to the colour, there are divers opinions; some prefer the blue, some the black, and others the green. A Portuguese, named Villareal, wrote a treatise in praise of the last. The eye-brows should be large, of a black colour, and form an arch concentric with that of the eye-lid. To be properly adjusted to the rest of the face, the nose should descend in a direct line from the forehead, and form a regular pyramid.

The mouth, the portal of the human structure, through which

the messengers of the intellect have constant egress, ought to be rather small than large. The lips rather full than thin; rather relieved than sunk, and the edge of a pure carnation. Teeth are accounted beautiful when they are white, regular, and of equal size, resembling a row of pearls set in an arch of ruby.

The cheeks must be smooth, and somewhat relieved; the centre of a pure carmine colour, fading insensibly into a lily white; both colours so perfectly blended and proportioned, that neither should predominate.

With respect to the neck, there is great majesty in one which is large and smooth, rising from the shoulders like an alabaster column.

But among all the female charms, the most transcendent are the breasts. In form they should resemble a lemon; in colour and smoothness, the orange blossom.

The most beautiful hands are long and white; the fingers full and tapering. Feet are not accounted pretty if they be not small.

Of the stature, the middle size is most admired. Without a graceful walk, the most perfect beauty appears awkward; whereas a modest, airy, and serene movement, enhances every other charm; and bespeaks the tranquillity of a mind formed in the school of virtue and decorum.

There is one class of people here; than whom, perhaps, few nations can produce a more inoffensive and industrious, and, at the same time, a more degraded and oppressed; these are the "pillars of the state," the peasantry, who are kept in a state of vassalage by a band of petty tyrants, assuming the title of *Fidalgos*.\*

Among those, to whom this title

properly appertains, there are undoubtedly many who have a just claim to honour and respect; not from the antiquated immunities of feudal times, but from their personal virtues. We entirely separate them from the ignorant, intolerant wretches, who grind the face of the poor, and depopulate the land.

Indeed, I am informed by a Portuguese gentleman of very high rank, who sincerely deplores the wretched state of the peasantry of his country, that the chief part of their miseries is owing, not to government, but to these gentry. I know not how to give the reader a just idea of them: by privilege they are gentlemen; in manners clowns; beggars in fortune; monarchs in pride. Too contemptible for the notice of the sovereign, to excite the jealousy of the nobles they are too weak; but too strong for the peasantry, from whom they exact adoration. They are to be seen in every town, in every village and hamlet, wrapt up to the eyes in capots, brooding over their imaginary importance. The industrious husbandman must not address them but on his knees. His fate, and that of his family, are at their mercy. On the most trivial pretence, they cite him to the court of the next *camarca*, or shire. The wretched farmer, in vain, attempts to justify himself; and after exhausting his resources to fee lawyers, he is sure to be cast at the end of a tedious and vexatious suit. His property is then seized upon, even to his very implements; and if it be not found sufficient to answer all demands, he is doomed to perish in a prison. Many industrious families have been thus annihilated; and others, apprehensive of sharing the

\* *Fidalgo*, a gentleman, one nobly descended. From the Portuguese word *filho*, a son, and the Spanish *algo*, something; that is, the son of something, or a son to whom his father had something to leave; viz. an honour and estate; thence, for shortness, called *fidalgo*. *Vieyra*.



same fate, have forsaken their lands, and often the kingdom, to seek protection in the colonies.

Beggars are a formidable class in this country. Several laws have been enacted, from time to time, to diminish the number, and restrain the licentiousness of this vagrant train, but in vain. They ramble about, and infest every place; not entreating charity, but demanding it. At night they assemble in hordes at the best mansion they can find, and having taken up their abode in one of the out-offices, they call for whatever they stand in need of, like travellers at an inn; here they claim the privilege of tarrying three days, if agreeable to them.

When a gang of these sturdy fellows meet a decent person on the highway, he *must* offer them money; and it sometimes happens that the amount of the offering is not left to his own discretion. Saint Anthony assails him on one side, Saint Francis on the other; having silenced their clamour in behalf of the favourite saints, he is next attacked for the honour of the Virgin Mary; and thus they rob him for the love of God.

*On Preserving Seeds of Plants in a State fit for Vegetation. From the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.*

MANY years ago having observed some seeds which had got accidentally amongst raisins, and that they were such as are generally attended with difficulty to raise in England, after coming in the usual way from abroad; I sowed them in pots, within a framing, and as all of them grew, I commissioned my sons, who were then abroad, to pack up all sorts of seeds they could procure in absorbent paper, and

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send some of them surrounded by raisins, and others by brown moist sugar; concluding that the former seeds had been preserved by a *peculiarly favourable state of moisture* thus afforded to them. It occurred; likewise, that as many of our common seeds, such as clover, charlock, &c. would lie dormant for ages within the earth, well preserved for vegetation whenever they might happen to be thrown to the surface, and exposed to the atmosphere; so these foreign seeds might be equally preserved, *for many months at least*; by the kindly covering and general moisture that either raisins or sugar afforded them: and this conjecture was really fulfilled, as not one in twenty of them failed to vegetate; when those of *the same kinds*, that I ordered to be sent lapped in common parcels, and forwarded with them, would not grow at all. I observed, upon examining them all before they were committed to the earth, that there was a prevailing dryness in the latter, and that the former looked fresh and healthy, and were not in the least infested by insects, as was the case with the others. It has been tried repeatedly, to convey seeds (of many plants difficult to raise) closed up in bottles, but without success; some greater proportion of air, as well as a proper state of moisture, perhaps, being necessary. I should also observe, for the satisfaction of the Society, that no difference was made in the packaging of the seeds, respecting their being kept in husks, pods, &c. so as to give those in *raisins* or *sugar* any advantage over the others, all being sent equally guarded by their natural teguments. Whether any experiments of this nature have been made by others, I am totally ignorant; but I think that, should this mode of conveyance be pursued still more satisfactorily than I have done, very considerable advantages might result from it.

I

*A quick and easy Method of converting Weeds and other Vegetable Matter into Manure.*

[From the same.]

**I** BEG leave to communicate to the Society, and, if thought worth notice, by them to the world, a composition for manure. Fearful it would not answer the purpose so fully as I could wish, I deferred it from year to year; but I now find, both by numerous trials made by my friends, as well as myself, the very great utility of the composition, as well as its cheapness, with the capability of its being made in any situation and in any quantity. The mode of making it is as simple as, I trust, it will be found productive. It is nothing more than green vegetable matter, decomposed by quick or fresh-burnt lime. A layer of the vegetable matter, about a foot thick, then a very thin layer of lime, beat small, and so on; first vegetable, then lime, alternately. After it has been put together a few hours, the decomposition will begin to take place; and unless prevented, either by a few sods, or a fork full of the vegetables at hand, it will break out into a blaze, which must, at all events, be prevented. In about twenty-four hours the process will be complete, when you will have a quantity of ashes ready to lay on your land at any time you wish. Any and all sorts of vegetables, if used green, will answer the purpose; say weeds of every description. They will doubly serve the farmer, as they will not only be got at a small expense, but will, in time, render his farm more valuable, by being deprived of all noisome weeds.

But if this composition answers the purpose, as I flatter myself it will, a very short time will see almost every weed destroyed, which supposing to be the case, I have made my calculations with clover,

grown for the purpose; for instance, I will take one acre of clover, which, at one cutting, will produce from fourteen to eighteen tons of green vegetable matter, and about three tons of lime: this, when decomposed by the above process, will yield ashes sufficient to manure four acres; the value of which I estimate at something under four pounds; the clover, according to the value of land here, I will say two pounds, which, take the average of the kingdom, is too much. The lime I will also say two pounds; but that will vary, according to the distance it is to be fetched. Take them together, I think will be about the average value. Now, if this be the case, and as far as I have been able to try it I find so, how valuable must it be to the community in general! If it answers the purpose, I shall feel myself much obliged by the Society making it as public as they possibly can.

The vegetables should be used as soon after they are cut as possible, and lime as fresh from the kiln as the distance will allow of; as on those two circumstances depends the goodness of the composition.

*An easy Method of removing the Taste of Garlick from Milk, and thus preventing it in Butter.*

**A**S the Dairy is found of much importance to the agricultural interests of this country, the following is offered to the public through the medium of your miscellany.

The object of the present essay is to avoid an inconvenience to which our dairy is subjected, and to convert it into an advantage. The following plan is recommended, as a method of removing the garlicky taste from milk, and producing sweet good butter, in place of that which is so generally considered as highly disagreeable.



When the milk is new from the cow, pour one quart of boiling water into every gallon of milk: stir it through, and put the whole into broad shallow dishes, so that it will not be above two inches deep. Let these dishes be placed on an open shelf, that the vapour may pass freely and entirely away. When the milk has stood in this manner twelve hours, it may be put into the churn altogether, or only the cream, as may be most agreeable to the taste or practice of the operator. Milk from cows that have pastured on garlick, when managed in this way, will be quite sweet.

The plan here proposed is founded on analogous experience.

The feeding of cows on turnips communicates a disagreeable taste to the milk and butter; but, in many parts of Britain, they make excellent butter from turnip-fed cows, by a plan similar to the foregoing.

The bad taste of the turnip consists in some volatile substance which is evaporated by the hot water. Garlick is much of the same nature, but probably more volatile. Biscuit baked from garlicky flour, has no taste of garlick: But soft bread, or a pudding of the same flour, retains it strongly, having both experienced but an imperfect evaporation.

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*Curious Model of the City of Paris.*

**A**N ingenious artist at Paris has lately completed, with great perseverance, patience, and mathematical accuracy, a very curious model of that city, on which he has been employed nine years. He has not contented himself with comparing and correcting all the plans of Paris ever published: he measured all the streets, squares, &c. according to the most accurate geometrical methods of measurement, and determined the inequalities of

the site of that immense capital by levelling. The greatest diameter of his model, in the extent from east to west, is fifteen feet. The mean size of the houses is three lines. The artist has carried his accuracy so far, that each inhabitant of Paris can distinguish his own house, court-yard, and garden. The public places and gardens are represented with a most striking similitude; and not only their dimensions, but their colour and ornaments can be observed. The alternate rising and falling of the plane of the model gives to this representation a correctness which produces an effect like enchantment, if the observer supposes himself to be standing on Mount-Marte, and to be looking down on the city. The artist has, with much judgment, endeavoured, by the shades of his colours, to give a point of rest to the eye; the want of which is a great failing in that model of Rome which formerly stood in the library of St. Genevieve, and which now belongs to the French nation, as it exhibits the tiresome view of a dazzling white mass of gypsum. Thirty thousand trees, which distinguish the different walks, public places, and gardens, form an agreeable variety with the slated and tiled roofs. This model may be taken to pieces by means of screws, and can be packed into three large boxes for the purpose of transportation.

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*New Method of freeing Molasses from their sharp Taste, and rendering them fit to be used instead of Sugar.*

[From Crell's Chemical Annals, 1798.]

**C**ADET DEVAUX, according to the experiments made by Lowitz, gives the following method: Take twenty-four pounds of molasses, twenty-four pounds of water, and six pounds of charcoal coarsely pulverised; and having mixed them

in a kettle, boil the whole over a slow wood fire. When the mixture has boiled half an hour, pour it into a flat vessel, in order that the charcoal may subside to the bottom; then pour off the liquid, and place it over the fire once more, that the superfluous water may evaporate, and to give to the molasses their former consistence. Twenty-four pounds of molasses will produce twenty-four pounds of syrup.

This method has been employed on a large scale with the happiest effects; the molasses become sensibly milder, and can be employed in many articles of food; though in dishes where milk is used, or for cordials mixed with spices, sugar is to be preferred.

*Some Particulars respecting the late  
Embassy of the Dutch East-India  
Company to the Court of Peking.*

**C**ITIZEN M. L. E. Moreau de Saint Mery has lately published, at Paris, an extract from Van Braam's Journal of the Embassy of the Dutch East-India Company to the Emperor of China, in the years 1794 and 1795, one volume quarto, being the first. The second, accompanied with maps and engravings, is announced as about to appear.

The principal object of those who give an account of their travels to the public, ought to be to make known the usages, public and private manners, the legislation, arts, industry, productions, the temperature, commerce, religion, and government of those countries which they traverse.

Those of Citizen Van Braam have not been written according to this system; nor indeed could they, for the members of the embassy were hardly suffered to have any kind of intercourse with the natives.

His work, as the title announces, is only a journal, containing an account of the different places through which the author passed in going from Canton to Peking, and returning by the same route.

If this journal, which seems to have been written only for the private satisfaction of the author, does not give an extensive and profound knowledge of China, it contains, at any rate, several details which may be useful to those who wish to collect information respecting this singular and interesting country.

There are three ways of travelling in China. By water, in vessels called yachts; by land, in palankins, carried by men, called coulis, or in small carriages made like wheel-barrow. The establishment of posting, and suspended carriages, are unknown in that country. The horse, the most beautiful and useful animal in Europe, is despised there. Buffaloes, mules, and dromedaries, are the animals principally employed for transportation.

In no country does agriculture flourish so much as in China. This art is there beheld with almost religious veneration. On this subject there are treatises, brought to perfection by application and the experience of several ages: these treatises, suited to the soil of each canton, are deposited in the hands of the mandarin who acts as first magistrate; and he takes care that the neighbouring farmers shall be made acquainted with, and turn to advantage, the lessons which these treatises contain.

Citizen Van Braam speaks of the monuments which he frequently met with on his route, and which he characterizes under the name of triumphal arches, and octagonal or hexagonal towers, consisting of seven or eight stories. He does not explain the use of these towers, which appear to be, in China, what obelisks were among the Egyptians.



With regard to the triumphal arches, Citizen Van Braam says, that they are monuments erected to the memory of warriors who rendered services to their country, and sometimes to private citizens, who signalized themselves by their virtues. Some have been erected also to young women and wives: to the former on account of their chastity, and to the latter on account of their fidelity.

If perpetual virginity could be made to accord with nature, it would be a great merit in China to devote one's self to it; for the manner in which women are there treated, is not much calculated to awaken in young persons of that sex a desire of being chaste. Parents carry on a kind of traffic with their children. Those who are said to be of good birth give them in exchange for a large dowry, which they put into their own pockets: others sell them like merchandise, without caring what becomes of them. The wives of the rich live in perpetual confinement; those of the second order are the servants of their husbands; and those of the lower class of the people are forced to take a share in the severe labour of the men, who treat them as we treat those animals which assist us.

The emperor is revered as a god. The power of the sovereign and of a high-priest are both united in his person. The same homage is paid to the edicts which he issues, the dispatches which he signs, and the presents which come from him, as is paid to himself. That is to say, the people prostrate themselves before a piece of paper, or silk, as they do when they are in his presence. The ambassadors were several times obliged to make ridiculous salutations before the remains of bad provisions, or pastry, which the emperor had sent them from his table, as a mark of particular consideration and favour.

The court of Peking presents nothing striking. The most remarkable object is the wall by which it is surrounded. All the apartments are narrow and mean, and confusion prevails in all the ceremonies, which are conducted without any order whatever.

The entertainments to which the ambassadors were invited, consisted of a few breakfasts where the emperor was present. Some boiled meat, confections, pastry, a beverage called *samson*, and another called *bean milk*, served up on tables, around which the guests squatted down upon cushions, formed the chief articles at these morning collations.

It appears that the people of China make very bad cheer. The want of the pleasures of the table is not supplied by others. The Chinese spectacles consist only of a few feats of tumbling and extemporaneous farces. And these spectacles, even, are not public. They are exhibited only in the interior part of the palace, and in the houses of some of the chief mandarins.

In this country there is no social communication among the inhabitants, who live insulated and confined to their own homes.

Though the ambassadors remained more than a month at Peking, Citizen Van Braam says nothing of the manners, commerce, or monuments of that city. This will not appear astonishing, when it is known that the members of the embassy, like those which preceded them from England, were confined to their hotel, as if they had been in prison; that they were narrowly watched; that the letters which they sent to some missionaries of their acquaintance were inspected at the post-office; and that they never went out, in order to go to court, at three or four o'clock in the morning, in the middle of winter, without being escorted by conduc-

tors. Such is the jealousy which the Chinese entertain of Europeans of every description, ever since a former emperor, expressing his surprise to a Spanish jesuit, who had less cunning than his associates, at the immense power and territory which the king of Spain had acquired in South-America, was informed by the latter, that, having once gained an establishment in the country, missionaries were sent among the people, to convert them to the Roman Catholic faith, after which their *subjugation* followed as a matter of course!

The people to whom Confucius preached his simple and sublime morality, the people who erected temples to that philosopher, ought to be rational in their worship: but they are vilified and degraded by the most absurd idolatry; their pagods are filled with idols of the most monstrous and whimsical figures.

If the Chinese, however, are idolaters, they are not intolerant; for citizen Van Braam speaks of a christian to whom they have erected temples, and whom they style a saint.

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*On a supposed Lusus Naturæ now exhibiting in London; written by Dr. Thornton, Lecturer on Medical Botany at Guy's Hospital.*

IN the first volume of the Philosophical Transactions, No. XXIX. published November, 1667, is the following communication, entitled,

“Some Hortulan Experiments about the engrafting of oranges and lemons, or citrons, whereby is produced an individual fruit, half orange and half lemon, growing

together as one body upon the same tree.”

We have here orange trees (saith the intelligence from Florence), that bear a fruit which is citron on one side and orange on the other. They have been brought hither out of other countries, and they are now *much propagated by engrafting*. This was confirmed to us (says the editor of the Transactions of the Royal Society), by a very ingenious English gentleman, who asserted, that himself not only had seen, but bought of them, anno 1660, in Paris, whither they had been sent by Genoa merchants; and that on some trees he had found an orange on one branch, and a lemon on another branch, which is not so remarkable as what follows; as also, one of the same fruit, half orange and half lemon; and sometimes three quarters of one, and a quarter of the other.

In the third part of the reports of the board of agriculture, among the foreign communications, we see, with equal pleasure and astonishment, an account of the American apple, which, by a peculiar mode of budding,\* is half sweet and half sour, half white and half red, without the least confusion of the respective halves.

At Mr. Mason's, florist, Fleet-street, opposite the Bolt and Tun, there is a production now to be seen, half peach and half nectarine. It has all the softness and yellow down of the peach, and the sleek red smoothness of the nectarine; supposed to be a *lusus naturæ*, but probably is rather the sportings of art than of nature, and which, perhaps, will be the cause why we shall in future see many other such vegetable wonders, which, as I have shown, were known to our ancestors.

\* The manner in which the extraordinary nectarine-peach first produced in this country was effected, was by inserting the bud of one fruit upon the stock bearing a different sort.



*On a new Insect prejudicial to Apple Trees; and a Method for extirpating them.*

*Anecdotes of distinguished Characters.*

TRUMBULL.

**W**ITHIN these few years, an insect, before unknown in this country, has made its appearance in the British orchards, which, if means are not generally taken to root it out, will, in a short period, destroy every apple-tree in the kingdom. It exhibits upon the trees the appearance of a white efflorescence, like what may be sometimes seen on stones in the fields: this seems, however, to be only the habitation of the insects, which exist in millions wherever they have once lodged themselves. On bruizing the efflorescence-like matter between the fingers, a deep red-coloured fluid like blood is expressed, and which probably is of that nature. Already have several valuable orchards been much injured by this insect, which corrodes the apple trees in such a manner as, at last, completely to destroy their organization, and to kill them, without the proprietors, many of them at least, even once suspecting the cause. We hope what we now state will be the mean of making the fact generally known, and of inducing every person interested to co-operate in rooting them out.

We are happy in having it in our power to give them the recipe of a cheap composition, discovered by William Forsyth, Esq. his majesty's gardener at Kensington, which has been found effectually to answer the purpose. It is as follows:

℞ To 100 gallons of human urine add as much cow dung as will bring the whole to the consistence of paint, with which anoint the infected trees about the end of March.

[*Phil. Mag.*

**A**MONG those who have successfully contributed to inspire the American people with the love of literature and liberty, who directed their minds to sound views of the nature of government, and refined their taste by the twofold means of criticism and poetry, the author of "*M'Fingal*" deserves to be considered as one of the first. Indeed, before his time, however they might have been cultivated in the middle and southern portions of North-America, letters were in a very crude and debased condition in New-England. Efforts, it is true, had been made to lead the general mind towards their more assiduous culture; but the slightest comparison of the writings of Mr. Trumbull with those of his immediate predecessors, will surprize the critic with a dissimilitude which, in any European country, could scarcely have been expected to have happened in less than a century.

John Trumbull was born in the town of Waterbury, in Connecticut, in the year 1749 or 1750. His father, a wealthy and respectable clergyman of the place, early instructed him in the usual elements of education; and, flattered by his docile and active genius, led him from English to Latin and Greek. Nor were his cares unrewarded: for such was the uncommon vigour of the intellect of his son, and so assiduously did he apply himself, that, at the age of seven, after a full examination, he was declared sufficiently advanced in his academic studies to deserve admission into Yale College. His tender years disinclining his parents to place him there so young, he was withdrawn, and did not join that

institution till he was thirteen, or had entered his thirteenth year. His collegiate life was one continued scene of success. The superiority of his genius, attainments, and industry, elevated him, on every trial, over all his competitors; and such of his collegiate exercises as have been made public, evidence a spirit and correctness of thought and expression rarely discernible in more advanced years, and after greater opportunities of instruction. Mr. Trumbull graduated in 1767. In what manner the interval between this period and 1771 was spent, the writer of this article is not particularly informed. He has an indistinct recollection, however, that Mr. Trumbull was engaged in the business of instruction, in some part of Connecticut. In 1771 he accepted a tutorship in Yale College; in which office Dr. Dwight was also engaged, and was concerned in various periodical publications with that gentleman; all of which contributed to his reputation.—Some of these performances were satirical; and their surprising success induced the author to turn his attention more particularly to a species of writing for which, till then, he had himself modestly questioned his qualifications. But, whatever might have been his own conceptions as to the peculiar bent of his talents, his companions were too often forced to smart under the lash of his satire to entertain any doubts of his success. Nor does he appear to have been long held in doubt himself; for, in 1772, he published his poem, entitled, "*The Progress of Dullness*," in three parts, separately printed. This poem had an amazing sale; and, notwithstanding several editions, and one as late as 1794, is now seldom to be met with, either in shops or in libraries. To judge properly of the merit of this performance, the reader should be accurately, and even minutely,

acquainted with the peculiar manners of the New-England people, and particularly with their manners at that time—for twenty years have made many changes—and as few foreigners can acquire this knowledge, the perusal of the "*Progress of Dullness*" cannot be expected to interest the European reader in any remarkable degree.

Mr. Trumbull resigned his tutorship in 1773, and repaired to Boston. His original design was to devote himself to literature; but his father, judging, perhaps, more prudently for his son, obliged him to make choice of a profession; and Mr. Trumbull having determined in favour of the bar, he was placed under the direction of Mr. Adams, then a distinguished advocate and counsellor in Boston, now President of the United States. But though he was now condemned to a pursuit little congenial to one whose inclination continually tempted his feet to stray into the pleasant paths of poetry, Mr. Trumbull did not forget the Muses; and an occasion soon presented itself worthy of his pen. How he acquitted himself may be seen in his "*Elegy on the Times*," first published at Boston, in 1774. On his admission to the bar, Mr. Trumbull returned to Connecticut; and, after no long time, settled at Hartford, where he has ever since continued. Here he soon became one of the ablest and most popular advocates; and till within a few years, (when his health had been so much impaired as to oblige him to decline the exercise of his profession) he was considered as the ablest counsellor in the county, and among the ablest in the State. His domestic habits, which seldom permitted him to mingle much in society at large; and, perhaps, the fear of his satiric talents, prevented that eager interest in his behalf, among a large body of men, which would have car-



ried him forward into public life; and it is owing, perhaps, to these sedentary habits, and to this seclusion, that he has become the victim of hypochondriac and nervous affections, which now impair his usefulness, and poison his felicity.

Mr. Trumbull has been the sole or part author of numerous periodical publications, on literary, moral, and political subjects, all of which have commanded great respect. Of those, in which he was concerned with others, none has attracted more applause than a series of papers, somewhat on the plan of "*The Rolliad*," and executed with equal wit; entitled, "*American Antiquities*," and extracts from "*The Anarchiad*," originally published in the *New-Haven Gazette* for 1786 and 1787. These papers have never been collected; but they were republished, from one end of the continent of America to the other, in the newspapers of the day. They were the joint work of Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Barlow, Col. Humphreys, and Dr. Hopkins.

But the work which has most contributed to establish the reputation of this poet, is the poem of "*M'Fingal*;" a poem which has been favourably received in Europe, and which was read with rapture in America.

Mr. Trumbull has published—

1. *M'Fingal*, a modern epic poem, in four cantos, printed in 1784—last American edition, 1796.

2. *The Progress of Dulness*, first printed in 1772—last edition in 1794.

3. *Elegy on the Times*, 1774—collected with his smaller serious poems, in *American Poems*, vol. i. published in Litchfield, Connecticut, 1793.

It is said that Mr. Trumbull is preparing a complete edition of his works, illustrated with notes, and comprising many unpublished essays and poems.

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VOL. I. No. 2.

#### SCHILLER.

THIS dramatic writer has acquired an uncommon degree of celebrity, as well among the Germans as the English. None of his performances have escaped the lash of criticism, which, perhaps, never has been more justly inflicted than upon his eccentric compositions. It will hence be understood, that, in *his own* country, particularly among critics, who combine a correct taste with a judicious arrangement of facts—facts founded upon the *purity* of moral motives—he holds but a middle rank.

Schiller is a native of Stutgard, the capital of the duchy of Wurtemberg, born in 1760. As his father was an officer in the army of the late reigning Duke of Wurtemberg, who had erected a *military academy*, in imitation of that established at Berlin, by the late Great Frederick, our bard was naturally placed in this seminary; where he received the first rudiments of his education—by no means congenial to his talents. Under all the disadvantages of a military school, he, however, soon distinguished himself among his companions, by his metaphorical language in conversation, and his poetical turn in composition. Though the leader in almost every class through which he passed, his talents did not render him the object of envy and hatred among his schoolfellows; for he was a perfect stranger to reserve and artifice.

Schiller's parents obviously wished him to try his fortune in the army; but his natural propensity to dramatic studies soon determined him to prefer the elegant pursuits of the Muses, to the riotous and dissipating scenes of a military life.

We are not informed at what period of life Schiller left Stutgard; but he must have been very young, (perhaps not twenty years of age,)

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when he wrote, at Manheim, his famous tragedy "*The Robbers*."—Manheim then possessed one of the best theatres in Germany, and was well supported by the dramatic talents of Beck and Ifland, two excellent performers: the latter of whom has also written a considerable number of good plays, amounting to twenty-five at least, with the various merits of which his countrymen are well acquainted.

Schiller's next performances were "*Cabal and Love*," (translated into English by Mr. Lewis, under the title of "*The Minister*;"") "*The Conspiracy of Fiesco*," and "*Don Carlos*." Each of these plays, particularly the latter, met with a favourable reception on the German stage. It is, however, worthy of remark, that, though all Schiller's compositions bear the stamp of great genius, supported by a brilliant and fertile imagination, yet they are neither calculated to become completely popular, nor to withstand the attacks of the most lenient critics. In fact, they are meteors on the German horizon; they are not only deficient in the design, or arrangement of parts, but are likewise written in so extravagant, or rather infuriated a dialogue, as to excite the idea, that they must be acted by beings inhabiting a very different world from that we live in. Besides, the style and phraseology of Schiller cannot be held out as a pattern of German writing, to those who apply to the study of that copious and energetic language. The natives of Germany, who have studied their language grammatically, and critically, are annoyed in every page of

his earlier compositions, with Swabian and Bavarian provincialisms.

Soon after the four dramatic pieces above-mentioned had made their appearance, Schiller presented the public with a volume of poems, which greatly increased his reputation, already established among a certain class of readers, who delight in the marvellous, and which, not undeservedly, were the means of introducing him into the higher circles of life. The reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a true Mæcenas in German literature, is said to have been so much pleased with Schiller's poems, that he appointed him one of his Aulic Counsellors,\* and conferred on him a professorship of history and philosophy in the university of Jena. Here he composed his "*History of the Thirty Years War in Germany*;" a work of great merit, and, in the opinion of some Germans, not inferior to the compositions of Livy, Voltaire, or Gibbon. This, however, is a pardonable prejudice in favour of Schiller, since his countrymen cannot boast of many good historians, and perhaps of none of superior excellence, or at least equal to Hume and Robertson. So much is certain, that the last mentioned two writers greatly gain in the comparison with the best German historians, namely, Häberlin, the two Henrys (*Heinrich*) Schmidt, Galetti, Buchholz, Wagner, and Baczko.

The next work of Schiller's is "*The History of the Netherlands*;" which, however, he has not yet concluded, although it was begun several years ago. Perhaps, the severe criticisms that appeared on this

\* This is a mere title, attended with no other emolument than that of being called *Her Hofrath*, instead of the simple word *Herr*, i. e. Sir, or Mr.—The Germans, however, are still very fond of titles—being an appendage to the old feudal system: and as the petty sovereigns rarely reward a meritorious literary man in a more effectual manner than by loading him with an empty title, the first characters in Germany are *reluctantly* obliged to submit to this farcical mode of rewarding literary merit, until a better prospect opens.



work in the German Reviews, have discouraged him from prosecuting this very important subject.\*

Another work of Schiller's, that excited considerable attention in Germany, is, "*The History of the most memorable Conspiracies*."—But, as a work of imagination, displaying all the powers of invention, his "*Ghost-seer*" may be ranked among the principal compositions of that kind. It has been very imperfectly translated into English; and many superficial readers have concluded, that the genius of the Germans strongly inclines to the marvellous and romantic, because this book was received with such satisfaction by certain classes of people in Germany, that it has been several times reprinted; though the first part of it only was published by the author. Another writer, of inferior talents, has published a surreptitious continuation of the "*Ghost-seer*," which, notwithstanding its inferiority, has met with an unmerited degree of success.

Schiller now conducts a monthly publication, which is supported by the first German writers, among whom we find the names of *Dalberg*, *Engel*, *Garve*, *Gleim*, *Goethe*, *Herder*, *Huffeland*, *Humboldt*, *Jacobi*, *Matthison*, *Pfeffel*, *Schutz*, &c. This classical Magazine is printed at Tübingen, under the title, "*Die Hozen*," alluding to the three graces, *Eunomia*, *Dice*, and *Irene*.

Besides these publications, Schiller is the editor of an annual poetical almanack, (*Müsen Almanack*,") which serves as a vehicle for the occasional effusions of young bards, who wish to bring their poetical talents to the test before the public, and to profit by the previous criticisms and corrections of the editor. In this almanack he also commu-

nicates the latest productions of his own muse.

Our poet is said to have displayed a strong propensity, in his youth, to whatever had the appearance of eccentricity. His dress, his mode of life, even his courtships, were as original as his mode of writing. It is, however, not very difficult to account for these peculiarities. If we consider him as a youth endowed with a fertile and active mind, with the strongest sensations of virtue and liberty, and, at the same time, checked in his intellectual career, within the narrow path of a military school, where every thing moves by the dimensions of space and time; his earlier productions, such as "*The Robbers*," and "*The Conspiracy of Fiesco*," are, in a high degree, characteristic of the situation and circumstances in which he was placed at a time of life, when the human mind is susceptible of the strongest and most lasting impressions.

We cannot suppress a singular anecdote which forms an epocha in the life of Schiller. As a distinguished favourite among the fair, his courtships in general were more of the passive than of the active kind. Thus it happened, that a young lady, of rank and fortune, in the vicinity of Jena, sent him an unexpected challenge, by offering him her hand at the altar of Hymen. This he could not easily refuse, without being guilty of great rudeness and cruelty; especially as the enamoured lady would undoubtedly have fallen a victim to an affection which he alone could relieve, and which she had contracted by the perusal of his poems.—Such is the power of language, even in the dead letter of a book! Schiller married this frank and amiable

\* Meanwhile, the Bishop of Antwerp has written a most valuable "*History of the Netherlands*."

lady, who now enjoys more favourable opportunities of studying his character, and of testifying her esteem for his talents and conjugal virtues, than at the former distance when reading his captivating poems.

## Miscellaneous Articles of Literary and Philosophical Intelligence.

THE last number of the *second* volume of the *MEDICAL REPOSITORY* has been published this month, by Messrs. T. and J. Swords.—A second edition of the first and second volumes of that very valuable work is preparing, and will shortly appear.

*An HISTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA*, by Robert Proud, in two volumes 8vo. has lately been published in Philadelphia.—*Some notice will be taken of this work in our next number.*

Mr. Nancrede, of Boston, has issued proposals for an American edition of the “Pursuits of Literature.”

*Republications of many valuable works have issued from the presses of Philadelphia, New-York, and Boston, which will be noticed in the succeeding numbers of this Magazine.*

James M’Intosh, Esq. of Lincoln’s Inn, London, has published a discourse on the study of the law of nature and nations, introductory to a course of lectures on that science; and which is intended to comprehend the whole philosophy of morality, government and law. Those who have seen the “*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,” of this elegant and admired writer, will be pleased that this great and important subject is to be discussed and illustrated by a person of his distinguished talents and erudition.

The admirers of Kotzebue may soon expect translations of two fine dramas of that author, from Miss Plumptree, entitled, “*Virgin of the Sun*,” and the “*Death of Rollo*.”

On the evening of the 16th Frimaire (December 7th), C. Bouvard, astronomer, belonging to an observatory at Paris, discovered a comet in the constellation of Hercules. At half after six next morning, its right ascension was  $248\frac{1}{2}$  degrees, and its northern declination  $31\frac{1}{2}$ . It had advanced forty-three minutes per hour towards the east, and twenty-eight towards the south. It was small and difficult to be seen. It forms the eighty-ninth, according to the catalogue, in Delalande’s astronomy.

A ridiculous duel is said to have been fought in one of the German universities, between two professors, in consequence of a dispute in the method of observing a comet.

The severe cold which was experienced in London at Christmas, afforded an opportunity to Mr. Pepys, junior, and several other able chymists, to repeat the experiments of Mr. Lowitz, of Petersburg, on the production of extraordinary cold. The result confirmed the truth of them. When the thermometer was at seventeen of Fahrenheit, a mixture of snow and muriate of lime, produced such a degree of cold as to freeze a quantity of mercury in a few minutes. It was then malleable, and, when broken, exhibited a fracture similar to that of zinc.

At the same time the chymists in Paris were occupied in repeating Lowitz’s experiments. C. Fourcroy, and Vauquelin, by means of the same mixture, froze twenty pounds of mercury in a platina



crucible in thirty seconds: mercury in a porcelain crucible, took four times as long to freeze. Upon inserting the end of the finger in the mixture, it lost, in four seconds, all feeling, and was not restored to sensation till after it had been held a long time in the mouth. Upon the first insertion of the finger in the mixture, an acute pain was felt, as if it had been violently pressed in a vice.

The extreme cold, by accounts from that continent, was very general over Europe.

The French government have in contemplation, a new voyage of discovery round the world, under the direction of Captain Baudin, who lately returned from a botanical expedition to America. Three corvettes, *le Vengeur*, *la Serpente*, and *la Menaçante*, are fitted out for this purpose, and will sail as soon as passes can be procured from the British ministry. They are to proceed first to Teneriffe, for the purpose of collecting plants, and thence along the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope. They are then to sail along the eastern side of Africa, from which one of the corvettes is to be sent back to France with the plants, that they may not be spoiled by a longer voyage. The other two corvettes will then proceed to New-Holland, to make geographical observations on the unknown parts of that island; and afterwards visit the coast of Peru, Chili, &c. and particularly the river La Plata, which they are to sail up as far as they possibly can.

Mr. H. Herschel has lately discovered four new satellites to his comet, so that there are now six. This discovery was made by a telescope of thirty feet, which he had constructed for the Observatory of Madrid. The first notice that Lalande had of this discovery was from Gotha, the prince of which

is fond of astronomy: he laments, in a short notice which he published upon this subject, that for some years he has not received from Mr. Herschel any account of his discoveries in the heavens.

As a specimen of the rapidity, or rather rapacity, with which some booksellers in Germany emulate certain honourable publishers in London, in the art of multiplying books, and pirating literary projects, early in the month of August, 1798, two different translations were advertised in the intelligence to the Jena Literary Gazette, of the intended BRITISH NECROLOGY, not then published.

The same whimsical anticipation prevails also in Germany, in announcing translations of Mungo Park's "*Travels in the Interior of Africa*." These had actually attracted the attention of no less than half a dozen German publishers before a sheet of them was printed in England. The old proverb of *phlegmatic Germans* can no longer be applied with justice.

One of the most complete dictionaries of the English language now extant, is one which lately appeared at Strasburg, entitled, "*Phrasologia Anglo-Germanica*," or a collection of more than fifty thousand English phrases, extracted from the best English writers, reduced to alphabetical order, and translated into German by F. W. Haussner, professor at the critical school of the department of Lower Rhine: to which is added, all such words as did not require to be explained by phrases.

Miscellaneous works of the Abbe J. J. Barthelemy, have lately (1798) been published in Paris, in two volumes 8vo. to which is prefixed, a life and an eulogy.

A voyage of discovery to the North Pacific Ocean, and round the world, in which the coast of Northwest America has been carefully

examined and accurately surveyed, by Captain George Vancouver, undertaken by command of his Britannic Majesty, and performed during the years 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, 1794, and 1795, has been published in London, in three vols. 4to.—This is a valuable and interesting work.

The voyage of the "*Sieur de la Perouse*," who lost his life in his ardent pursuit of discovery, published in conformity to a decree of the National Assembly, has been translated into English, in three vols. 8vo. illustrated with plates.

Several numbers of a new and valuable Journal have been received, entitled, "*The Philosophical Magazine*."—It is conducted by Mr. *Tilloch*, who was for many years the editor of the London paper, *The Star*. It comprises natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, mechanics, astronomy, mineralogy, æconomics, natural history, geography, antiquities, &c.

The metallic tractors of Dr. Perkins have met with some attention in Denmark. A work has been published at Copenhagen by M. Herholdt, surgeon, and assessor Kafi, with the observations of Dr. T. C. Tode, professor and physician to the court, entitled, "*On Perkinism, or the metallic tractors of Dr. Perkins of North America, with American testimonies and experiments of the physicians at Copenhagen*."—The tractors appear to have been tried by various gentlemen at Copenhagen, with very

different success. In some cases, they produced no effect, in others good, and in others harm. Professor Abilgaard is of opinion, that Dr. Perkins's tractors will never acquire much value in medicine, and scarcely ever have the merit of being a palliative; but in a physical point of view, he thinks they deserve the attention of physicians, and particularly of physiologists. Mankind, he observes, have paid too little attention to the influence which electricity has on the human body, otherwise they would know that the effects produced on it by our beds, is no matter of indifference. If the feather beds and hair mattresses are perfectly dry, the person who sleeps on them is in an insulated state, but the contrary is the case if they are moist.—Some rheumatic and gouty pains were removed by the use of the tractors. Tractors of ebony, ivory, silver, lime, copper, and lead, were tried with different effects. Mr. Tode tried them in rheumatism, tooth-ach, inflammation of the eyes, and observed that they did neither good nor harm. They are considered by the editor, as acting as a mechanical stimulus, as conductors of electricity, as galvanism, and by the effects of the imagination.

The plants brought by Captain Baudin from America and the West-Indies to France, and contained in one hundred and fifty boxes, are now in a high state of vegetation. Many of those trees and plants will, probably, be naturalized in France.





## P O E T R Y.

*On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.*

By COWPER.

O H that those lips had language! Life  
 has pass'd  
 With me but roughly since I heard thee  
 last.  
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet  
 smiles I see,  
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;  
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears  
 away!"  
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim  
 To quench it) here shines on me still the  
 same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
 Oh, welcome guest, though unexpected,  
 here!  
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless  
 song,  
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
 I will obey, not willingly alone,  
 But gladly, as the precept were her own;  
 And, while that face renews my filial  
 grief,  
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—  
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou  
 wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I  
 shed?  
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
 Wretch even then, life's journey just be-  
 gun?  
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen,  
 a kiss,  
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
 Ah! that maternal smile! it answers—  
 Yes,  
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
 I saw the hearse that bore thee flow away,  
 And, turning from my nurs'ry window,  
 drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
 But was it such?—It was.—Where thou  
 art gone  
 Adieus and farewells are a sound un-  
 known,

May I but meet thee on that peaceful  
 shore,  
 The parting sound shall pass my lips no  
 more!  
 Thy maidens griev'd themselves at my  
 concern,  
 Oft gave me promise of a quick return.  
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,  
 And disappointed still, was still deceiv'd;  
 By disappointment every day beguil'd,  
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.  
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and  
 went,  
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,  
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,  
 But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er  
 forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard  
 no more,  
 Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry  
 floor;  
 And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by  
 day,  
 Drew me to school along the public way,  
 Delighted with my bawble coach and  
 wrapt  
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,  
 'Tis now become a history little known,  
 That once we call'd the past'ral house  
 our own.  
 Short liv'd possession! but the record fair,  
 That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness  
 there,  
 Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd  
 A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.  
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
 That thou might'st know me safe and  
 warmly laid;  
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum;  
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks be-  
 stow'd  
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone  
 and glow'd;  
 All this, and, more endearing still than  
 all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no  
 fall,  
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and  
 breaks  
 That humour interpos'd too often makes;  
 All this still legible in mem'ry's page,  
 And still to be so, to my latest age,

Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little no-  
tic'd here.

Could time, his flight revers'd, restore  
the hours  
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued  
flowers,  
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,  
(And thou wast happier than myself the  
while,  
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head  
and smile)  
Could those few pleasant hours again ap-  
pear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish  
them here?  
I would not trust my heart—the dear  
delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—  
But no—what here we call our life is  
such,  
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bounds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark, from Albion's  
coast,  
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean  
cross'd)  
Shoots into port at some well haven'd isle,  
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons  
smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods that  
show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers  
gay;

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd  
the shore

"Where tempests never beat nor billows  
roar,"

And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous  
tide

Of life, long since, has anchor'd at thy side,  
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always dis-  
tress'd—

Me howling winds drive devious, tem-  
pest to's'd,

Sails ript, seams op'ning wide, and com-  
pass lost,

And day by day some current's thwart-  
ing force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous  
course.

But Oh! the thought, that thou art safe,  
and he!

That thought is joy, arrive what may to  
me.

My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthron'd and rulers of the  
earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents pass'd into the skies,  
And now, farewell—time, unrevok'd,  
has run

His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is  
done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er  
again;

To have renew'd the joys that once were  
mine,

Without the sin of violating thine;  
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic shew of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me  
left.

#### ERRATUM.

Page 120, 2d col. line 31, for "Genesee" Lake, read *Seneca* Lake.

✂ SOME difficulty has been experienced in procuring a fit person to deliver the first numbers of the Magazine to Subscribers in this City. Those to whom they have not been sent, it is hoped, will excuse the delay, which has unavoidably arisen from circumstances naturally incident to the commencement of a new publication. This, and other slight and temporary embarrassments, will shortly disappear.